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LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1848.

## REVIEWS

*Memoirs of the Reign of George the Second from his Accession to the Death of Queen Caroline.* By John Lord Hervey. Edited from the Original MS. at Ickworth, by the Right Hon. J. W. Croker. 2 vols. Murray.

THESE volumes are, in every sense of the word, the greatest accession to our English historical literature of a recent period made since the publication of 'Pepys's Diary' and 'Walpole's Memoirs.' The style, if we forgive a certain antithesis of manner, is good—the observations are from the fountain head—the characters are remarkably well drawn,—and the matter is curiously confirmatory of Walpole's 'Reminiscences, Letters and Memoirs.' The author was John Lord Hervey—Pope's Lord Hervey—the Sporus and Lady Fanny of the poet's satires—the husband of Molly Lepel, 'Youth's youngest daughter, sweet Lepell'—the same Lord Hervey whose friendship suggested to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu the famous division which she made of the human species into 'Men, Women and Herveys'—Queen Caroline's Vice Chamberlain and greatest confidant after Sir Robert Walpole—Walpole's faithful and much trusted friend and Privy Seal—and the author of certain pamphlets in defence of the Whigs which Horace Walpole has said "are equal to any that ever were written." The Memoirs extend over a period of ten important years—from the Accession of George the Second in 1727 to the Death of Queen Caroline in 1737. They had been seen before—by Walpole, there is every reason to believe, and as Warton tells us, by Mr. Hans Stanley. Unfortunately, they are not quite perfect; the MS. exhibiting certain chasms made, not by the author himself, but by his sons who thought the revelations too indecent to remain. One of Lord Hervey's sons was Bishop of Derry and Earl of Bristol; and we can fancy the right reverend prelate being somewhat shocked at the details of profligacy and irreligion which his father had chronicled with so graphic and minute a pen. Whatever reason there may be to lament what filial piety destroyed, we must at least be thankful for what is left; since it sets the characters of King George the Second, his queen and mistresses in their proper light, and places before us a picture of a court quite as profligate as that of Charles the Second, and, to our thinking, yet more repulsive. The opportunities which Lord Hervey possessed for careful and constant observation were unusually great. As vice-chamberlain to the queen, he was lodged all the year round at the foot of her majesty's back stairs; and as, he observes, no one attended more constantly in public or had more frequent access at private hours to all the inhabitants, he must have been deaf and blind not to have heard and seen several peculiarities necessarily unknown to many of his contemporaries.

George the Second loved pleasures just as much as Charles the Second, and hated business just as cordially. His consort, a woman of great sagacity and ambition, patted his profligacies on the back, overlooked the wife in the queen, made a mere nonentity of her husband,—and, confiding in Sir Robert Walpole, ruled the country like a second Queen Elizabeth assisted by Lord Burleigh. No woman ever made greater domestic sacrifices to attain the ends of her public ambition; but beyond sagacity and daring there is nothing to admire about her. Religion was with her a mere state observance; and her placing Dr. Butler, the author of the 'Analogy of Religion,' as clerk of her closet was

a mere pretext to preserve the decencies of the palace in the eyes of those who were not anxious to look very far. Her eldest son, the Prince of Wales (the father of George the Third), was a heartless profligate;—her younger son the Duke of Cumberland, the so-called hero of Culloden, was a cold-blooded soldier;—and her unmarried daughters, who lived with her in the palace, were frigid creatures, without wit, without beauty,—and, notwithstanding their position and some hints given to the contrary, there is reason to believe without admirers.

Lord Hervey has not attempted any full-length character of the king; but he gives instead a few sketches touched in with a master's pencil from the life.—

"Many ingredients concurred to form this reluctance in his Majesty to bestowing. One was that, taking all his notions from a German measure, he thought every man who served him in England overpaid; another was, that while employments were vacant he saved the salary; but the most prevalent of all was his never having the least inclination to oblige. I do not believe there ever lived a man to whose temper benevolence was so absolutely a stranger. It was a sensation that, I dare say, never accompanied any one act of his power; so that whatever good he did was either extorted from him, or was the adventitious effect of some self-interested act of policy; consequently, if any seeming favour he conferred ever obliged the receiver, it must have been because the man on whom it fell was ignorant of the motives from which the giver bestowed. I remember Sir Robert Walpole saying once, in speaking to me of the King, that to talk with him of compassion, consideration of past services, charity, and bounty, was making use of words that with him had no meaning."

And in another place he observes:—

"I once heard him say he would much sooner forgive anybody that had murdered a man, than anybody that cut down one of his oaks; because an oak was so much longer growing to a useful size than a man, and, consequently, one loss would be sooner supplied than the other: and one evening, after a horse had run away, and killed himself against an iron spike, poor Lady Suffolk saying it was very lucky the man who was upon him had received no hurt, his Majesty snapped her very short, and said, 'Yes, I am very lucky, truly: pray where is the luck? I have lost a good horse, and I have got a booby of a groom still to keep.'"

This was rather a difficult temper to manage; but the Queen was quite equal to the task, and she went about it in her own way.—

"The Queen by long studying and long experience of his temper knew how to instil her own sentiments—whilst she affected to receive his Majesty's; she could appear convinced whilst she was controverting, and obedient whilst she was ruling; and by this means her dexterity and address made it impossible for anybody to persuade him what was truly his case—that whilst she was seemingly on every occasion giving up her opinion and her will to his, she was always in reality turning his opinion and bending his will to hers. She managed this deified image as the heathen priests used to do the oracles of old, when, kneeling and prostrate before the altars of a pageant god, they received with the greatest devotion and reverence those directions in public which they had before instilled and regulated in private. And as these idols consequently were only propitious to the favourites of the augurers, so nobody who had not tampered with our chief priestess ever received a favourable answer from our god: storms and thunder greeted every votary that entered the temple without her protection—calms and sunshine those who obtained it. The King himself was so little sensible of this being his case, that one day enumerating the people who had governed this country in other reigns, he said Charles I. was governed by his wife, Charles II. by his mistresses, King James by his priests, King William by his men, and Queen Anne by her women—favourites. His father, he added, had been governed by anybody that could get at him. And at the end of this compendious history of our

great and wise monarchs, with a significant, satisfied, triumphant air, he turned about, smiling, to one or his auditors, and asked him—"And who do they say governs now?" Whether this is a true or a false story of the King I know not, but it was currently reported and generally believed."

The Queen's influence over the King was not however, obtained without much labour, artifice, and what Lord Hervey calls, in another place, the "snubbings" she was obliged to put up with:—

"She was at least seven or eight hours tête-à-tête with the King every day, during which time she was generally saying what she did not think, assenting to what she did not believe, and praising what she did not approve; for they were seldom of the same opinion, and he too fond of his own for her ever at first to dare to controvert it ('*Consilii quamvis egregii quod ipse non afferret, inimicus*':—'An enemy to any counsel, however excellent, which he himself had not suggested.'—*Tacitus*). She used to give him her opinion as jugglers do a card, by changing it imperceptibly, and making him believe he held the same with that he first pitched upon. But that which made these tête-à-têtes seem heaviest was that he neither liked reading nor being read to (unless it was to sleep): she was forced, like a spider, to spin out of her own bowels all the conversation with which the fly was taken. However, to all this she submitted for the sake of power, and for the reputation of having it; for the vanity of being thought to possess what she desired was equal to the pleasure of the possession itself. But, either for the appearance or the reality, she knew it was absolutely necessary to have interest in her husband, as she was sensible that interest was the measure by which people would always judge of her power. Her every thought, word, and act therefore tended and was calculated to preserve her influence there; to him she sacrificed her time, for him she mortified her inclination; she looked, spake, and breathed but for him, like a weathercock to every capricious blast of his uncertain temper, and governed him (if such influence so gained can bear the name of government) by being as great a slave to him thus ruled as any other wife could be to a man who ruled her. For all the tedious hours she spent then in watching him whilst he slept, or the heavier task of entertaining him whilst he was awake, her single consolation was in reflecting she had power, and that people in coffee-houses and *ruelles* were saying she governed this country, without knowing how dear the government of it cost her."

The King's English mistress was Mrs. Howard, afterwards (in right of her husband) Countess of Suffolk. She was out of favour before the Queen died, and applied to retire from the appointments which she held. The royal rejoicings on this occasion were, it appears, very various in their motive—but all tending to illustrate the profligacy of the court.—

"The Queen was both glad and sorry: her pride was glad to have even this ghost of a rival removed; and she was sorry to have so much more of her husband's time thrown upon her hands, when she had already enough to make her often heartily weary of his company, and to deprive her of other company which she would have gladly enjoyed. The Prince, I believe, wished Lady Suffolk removed, as he would have wished anybody detached from the King's interest; and, added to this, Lady Suffolk having many friends, it was a step that he hoped would make his father many enemies; neither was he sorry, perhaps, to have so eminent a precedent for a prince's discharging a mistress he was tired of. The Princess Emily wished Lady Suffolk's disgrace because she wished misfortune to most people—the Princess Caroline because she thought it would please her mother. The Princess Royal was violently for having her crushed; and when Lord Hervey said he wondered she was so desirous to have this lady's disgrace pushed to such extremity, she replied, 'Lady Suffolk's conduct with regard to politics has been so impertinent that she cannot be too ill-used,' and when Lord Hervey intimated the danger there might be, from the King's coquetry, of some more troublesome and powerful successor, she said (not very judiciously with regard to her mother, nor very re-

spectfully with regard to her father), 'I wish, with all my heart, he would take somebody else, that Mamma might be a little relieved from the ennui of seeing him for ever in her room.'"

Mrs. Howard's influence at court was very inconsiderable; though the Tories, who paid great court to her, thought otherwise. She was plagued with applications by her friends; and always opposed by the Queen, whose omnipotent influence was known only to Sir Robert Walpole and Lord Hervey. The real reasons of her disgrace, or retirement (to use perhaps the proper expression), are related by Lord Hervey.—

"The true reasons of her disgrace were the King's being thoroughly tired of her; her constant opposition to all his measures; her wearying him with her perpetual contradiction; her intimacy with Mr. Pope, who had published several satires with his name to them in which the King and all his family were rather more than obliquely sneered at; the acquaintance she was known to have with many of the opposing party, and the correspondence she was suspected to have with many more of them; and, in short, her being no longer pleasing to the King in her private capacity, and every day more disagreeable to him in her public conduct."

The King found a new mistress in a German, Madame Walmoden, created after the Queen's death Countess of Yarmouth. He made no secret to the Queen of his new attachment.—

"But there was one trouble arose on the King's going to Hanover which Her Majesty did not at all foresee, which was his becoming, soon after his arrival, so much attached to one Madame Walmoden, a young married woman of the first fashion at Hanover, that nobody in England talked of anything but the declining power of the Queen and the growing interest of this new favourite. By what I could perceive of the Queen, I think her pride was much more hurt on this occasion than her affections, and that she was much more uneasy from thinking people imagined her interest declining than from apprehending it was so. It is certain, too, that, from the very beginning of this new engagement, the King acquainted the Queen by letter of every step he took in it—of the growth of his passion, the progress of his applications, and their success—of every word as well as every action that passed—so minute a description of her person, that had the Queen been a painter she might have drawn her rival's picture at six hundred miles' distance. \* \* The King, besides his ordinary letters by the post, never failed sending a courier once a week with a letter of sometimes sixty pages, and never less than forty, filled with an hourly account of everything he saw, heard, thought, or did, and crammed with minute trifling circumstances, not only unworthy of a man to write, but even of a woman to read, most of which I saw, and almost all of them heard reported by Sir Robert, to whose perusal few were not committed, and many passages in them were transmitted to him by the King's own order, who used to tag several paragraphs with 'Montrez ceci et consultez là-dessus le gros homme.'"

Readers unacquainted with the recently printed extracts from the Diaries of Lord King and Lord Hardwicke will be surprised to find that the Queen had written to the King to bring his Hanoverian mistress to this country.—

"When Sir Robert Walpole told Lord Hervey of this letter that the Queen had written to the King to solicit his bringing Madame Walmoden over, he gave the manner of cooking it the greatest encomiums in which it was possible to speak of such a performance; he said she had not pared away the least part of his meaning, but had clothed his sentiments in so pretty a dress, had mixed so many tender turns in every paragraph, and spoke with such decent concern of her own situation as well as consideration of the King's, had covered all her own passions so artfully, and applied so pathetically to his, that Sir Robert Walpole said he did not believe anybody but a woman could have written a letter of that sort, nor any woman but the Queen so good a one."

The King, from the account and letters given

by Lord Hervey, was quite as uxorious (on paper at least) as Charles the First.—

"The passion and tenderness of the King's letter to her, which consisted of thirty pages, must be incredible to any one who did not see it. Whoever had read it without knowing from whom it came, or to whom it was addressed, would have concluded it written by some young sailor of twenty to his first mistress, after escaping from a storm in his first voyage. 'Malgré tout le danger que j'ai essué dans cette tempête, ma chère Caroline, et malgré tout ce que j'ai souffert, en étant malade à un point que je ne croiois pas que le corps humain pourroit souffrir, je vous jure que je m'exposerois encore et encore pour avoir le plaisir d'entendre les marques de votre tendresse que cette situation m'a procuré. Cette affection que vous me témoignez, cette amitié, cette fidélité, cette bonté inépuisable que vous avez pour moi, et cette indulgence pour toutes mes faiblesses, sont des obligations que je ne saurai jamais récompenser, que je ne saurai jamais mériter, mais que je ne saurai jamais oublier non plus.' His Majesty then spoke of his extreme impatience for their meeting, and in a style that would have made one suppose the Queen to be a perfect Venus, her person being mentioned in the most exalted strains of rapture, and his own feelings described in the warmest phrases that youthful poets could use in elegies to their mistresses."

The King was invariably very cross after his return to England from his beloved Hanover.—

"After this last journey, Hanover had so completed the conquest of his affections, that there was nothing English ever commended in his presence that he did not always show, or pretend to show, was surpassed by something of the same kind in Germany. No English or even French cook could dress a dinner; no English confectioner set out a dessert; no English player could act; no English coachman could drive or English jockey ride; nor were any English horses fit to be drove or fit to be ridden; no Englishman knew how to come into a room, nor any Englishwoman how to dress herself; nor were there any diversions in England, public or private; nor any man or woman in England whose conversation was to be borne—the one, as he said, talking of nothing but their dull politics, and the others of nothing but their ugly clothes. Whereas at Hanover all these things were in the utmost perfection: the men were patterns of politeness, bravery, and gallantry; the women of beauty, wit, and entertainment; his troops there were the bravest in the world, his counsellors the wisest, his manufacturers the most ingenious, his subjects the happiest; and at Hanover, in short, plenty reigned, magnificence resided, arts flourished, diversions abounded, riches flowed, and everything was in the utmost perfection that contributes to make a prince great or a people blessed."

On another occasion he is said to have exclaimed, stopping the Queen short:—"I am sick to death of all this foolish stuff; and wish with all my heart that the devil may take all your bishops, and the devil take your minister, and the devil take the Parliament, and the devil take the whole island, provided I can get out of it, and go to Hanover."

In one of his peevish moods he quarrelled with the Queen about the arrangement of the pictures in the great drawing-room at Kensington. Mr. Croker omits to mention that "the fat Venus" of the King is the copy after Titian now at Hampton Court, which hung, as Bickham tells us, in the great drawing-room. For ourselves this picture and King George the Second are henceforth inseparable.—

"In the absence of the King, the Queen had taken several very bad pictures out of the great drawing-room at Kensington, and put very good ones in their places: the King, affecting, for the sake of contradiction, to dislike this change, or, from his extreme ignorance in painting really disapproving it, told Lord Hervey, as Vice-Chamberlain, that he would have every new picture taken away, and every old one replaced. Lord Hervey, who had a mind to make his court to the Queen by opposing this order, asked if his Majesty would not give leave for the two

Vandykes, at least, on each side of the chimney, to remain, instead of those two sign-posts, done by nobody knew who, that had been removed to make way for them. To which the King answered, 'My Lord, I have a great respect for your taste in what you understand, but in pictures I beg leave to follow my own: I suppose you assisted the Queen with your fine advice when she was pulling my house to pieces, and spoiling all my furniture: thank God, at least she has left the walls standing! As for the Vandykes, I do not care whether they are changed or no; but for the picture with the dirty frame over the door, and the three nasty little children, I will have them taken away, and the old ones restored; I will have it done to-morrow morning before I go to London, or else I know it will not be done at all.'—'Would your Majesty,' said Lord Hervey, 'have the gigantic fat Venus restored too?'—'Yes, my Lord; I am not so nice as your Lordship. I like my fat Venus much better than anything you have given me instead of her.' Lord Hervey thought, though he did not dare to say, that if his Majesty had liked his *fat Venus* as well as he used to do, there would have been none of these disputations."

The readers of Pope and Swift must surely remember "Merlin's Cave," a little building so christened which the Queen had erected in Richmond Park. The King, it appears, used wisely enough to laugh at this folly of the Queen, and she was obliged to swallow a good number of hard remarks from his Majesty about it. Lord Hervey had been praising the beauty of the gates of Henry the Seventh's Chapel, and—

"was going on with a particular detail and encomium on these gates—the Queen asking many questions about them, and seeming extremely pleased with the description—when the King stopped the conversation short by saying, 'my Lord, you are always putting some of these fine things in the Queen's head, and then I am to be plagued with a thousand plans and workmen.' Then turning to the Queen, he said, 'I suppose I shall see a pair of these gates to Merlin's Cave, to complete your nonsense there.' The Queen smiled, and said Merlin's Cave was complete already; and Lord Hervey, to remove the King's fears of this expense, said that it was a sort of work that if his Majesty would give all the money in his exchequer he could not have now. 'A propos,' said the Queen, 'I hear the Craftsman has abused Merlin's Cave.'—'I am very glad of it,' interrupted the King: 'you deserve to be abused for such childish silly stuff, and it is the first time I ever knew the scoundrel in the right.' This the Queen swallowed too, and began to talk on something else."

The second volume contains a drama by Lord Hervey on his own death, which he tells us he composed for the entertainment of the Queen. It is smartly and characteristically written,—and one of its scenes lets us into the dressing-room and drawing-room of royalty of more than a century ago. The passages which we had marked are somewhat long; but we cannot resist a short extract confirmatory of an anecdote told by Walpole in his 'Reminiscences':—

"While the Queen dressed, prayers used to be read in the outward room. \* \* Queen Anne had the same custom; and once ordering the door to be shut while she shifted, the Chaplain stopped. The Queen sent to ask why he did not proceed. He replied, 'He would not whistle the Word of God through the key-hole.'"

Here is the scene we allude to; and there is every reason to believe that it is a picture of every-day life in the palace of "good Queen Caroline."—

"SCENE.—The Queen's dressing-room. The Queen is discovered at her toilet cleaning her teeth; Mrs. Purcel dressing Her Majesty's head; The Princess, Lady Pembroke and Lady Burlington, Ladies of the Bedchamber, and Lady Sundon, Woman of the Bedchamber, standing round. Morning prayers saying in the next room.

1 Parson [behind the scenes]. "From pride, vain glory, and hypocrisy, from envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness,"

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2 Person. "Good Lord deliver us!"

Queen. I pray, my good Lady Sundon, shut a little that door: those creatures pray so loud, one cannot hear oneself speak. [Lady Sundon goes to shut the door.] So, so, not quite so much; leave it enough open for those persons to think we may hear, and enough shut that we may not hear quite so much. [To Lady Burlington.] What do you say, Lady Burlington, to poor Lord Hervey's death? I am sure you are very sorry.

Lady Pem. [sighing and lifting up her eyes.] I swear it is a terrible thing.

Lady Burl. I am just as sorry as I believe he would have been for me.

When we return, as we shall shortly do, to these rich volumes for further extract, we shall add a brief account of Lord Hervey, compiled from Mr. Croker's researches and from certain materials which he appears to have overlooked. In the mean time, we may add that the editor's notes are just what notes should be, short, useful, generally accurate, and always to the point.

Angela: a Novel. By the Author of 'Emilia Wyndham,' 'Two Old Men's Tales,' &c. 3 vols. Colburn.

THE present and the coming month are "the season" for landscape exhibitions. Neither of the two Water-Colour Societies nor the more august Royal Academy itself will display a home scene of richer beauty than the following. We need but to explain, that the figure which it reveals is the hero of the story, the son of a nobleman, rambling *incognito*.—

"The landscape at last began to assume a more distinct character; the footpath carried him over the top of a somewhat steep little hill, and at his feet, amid a group of tall lime-trees, the hoar tower of a very ancient country church was to be seen rising. Wains were now heard rolling at no great distance,—the voices of children at play reached him next: it was evident he was approaching a village. The footpath led him once more over a stile, and then terminated in a pretty wide road. A rather considerable pond of water, out of which some huge cart-horses, relieved from plough, were splashing; the screams of geese, flapping their wings when thus disturbed, and flying over the wide greensward that bordered the road; an open gate leading into a large foldground; and an extensive orchard of apple, pear, and cherry-trees, showed that he was coming upon a large farm; and he had proceeded only a few paces further when he saw the house before him. It was one of those old-fashioned farm-houses, which had evidently once been the dwelling of some considerable family, the manor-house belonging to some large domain. The building was of timber, and the huge beams painted red, with the intervals white; and the long roof was terminated at each end by immense gables, very richly ornamented with carved wood, and in which were some fine old oriel windows; and the peaks and points of the rest of the building might be seen towering above the roof, interspersed with quaintly ornamented and twisted chimneys. There was a very handsome old porch adjoining the centre of this front, and before it lay an old-fashioned garden, which reached to the road, from which it was separated by a thick and closely-cut yew hedge, ornamented at the corners and along the sides with pinnales and other devices of topiary work. A few low walls, covered with trained fruit-trees, divided this garden at regular intervals, and a straight gravel-walk ran up the middle to the door, cutting these walls at right angles, and with a flower-border on each side, filled with common but gaudy flowers, sweet peas, lupines, lychmises, roses, and so on. The garden was very gaudy, with polyanthus, auriculas, narcissuses, tulips, and all sorts of gay spring flowers, and seemed to extend to the other side of the house, where the trees of a second orchard were discernible. There was a huge mastiff asleep before the porch. The foldyard might be seen from the road, and all sorts of rural noises were to be heard proceeding from it—poultry cackling, doves cooing, pigs grunting, and cattle softly lowing; little calves were run-

ning about, and a great many men and boys busily occupied here and there: all the activity and stir of a very large farm going on. \* \* So he opened the gate which led into the garden, and walked up the formal pathway, very much pleased with the quaint, antique simplicity of the old place, and not in the least troubling himself about the huge mastiff which lay dozing before the door. But the old mastiff was accustomed to sleep with one eye open, and no sooner was he aware of the approach of the stranger than he started up, shook the chain which fastened him to the side of the porch, and began to utter a most loud and threatening bark. The chain was a strong one, as our friend soon saw; so he was continuing to approach the steps, in spite of the warlike demonstrations and loud hoarse barking of the faithful guardian, when he was aware of a young woman issuing in much haste out of the house, who, without noticing him, hastily ran down the steps, laid hold of the fierce animal, and, between coaxing and scolding, endeavoured to make him be quiet. 'Never mind, young woman,' said our friend; 'pray don't make yourself uneasy. I see the chain is strong, and though the dog is one of the finest and fiercest I ever saw, I am not in the least afraid of him.' 'Oh, sir,' replied she, 'it's not for that. It's lest the noise should disturb the sick lady.' \* \* He ascended the steps, and entered by the low, richly ornamented porch, over which, carved in stone, the coat of arms of the ancient family of the Willoughbys was very visible. He came first into a long, low, and very narrow passage, which ended in a spacious room, or rather antechamber, with casement windows, now all standing wide open, and which looked upon the verdant grass and large trees of the orchard, the branches of which cast a most agreeably cool and green shade into the room. This apartment, as is the case in many old houses, was the only means of communication between the entrance-passage and a few small rooms opening out of it and the rest of the house; so that the young woman was obliged to usher her guest into it, though it was plain that it was in use now as a sitting-room. It was a large low room, lighted by three tall and wide casement-windows, all of which were now open; and in front of which, and at a little distance, grew two majestic walnut-trees, which, their huge lateral branches spreading far around, and covered with heavy masses of foliage of the brightest green, cast their deep shadows upon the grass. The trunks of these trees rose so loftily before the giant branches came off, that the whole formed a sort of elevated canopy, under which the rest of the garden might be seen, and glimpses of distant groves and fields were displayed. The beauty of this picture being greatly enhanced by the presence of a huge catalpa—a perfect pyramid of flowers, of marble whiteness, which, rising eight or ten feet from the ground, was now just bursting into bloom, and stood there, like a fair pinnacle of Parian stone, amid the dark green of forest-trees of all descriptions which surrounded it. 'Stay here, sir,' said the young woman, 'if you please, and I'll fetch you the milk. There's no danger of disturbing the poor lady' (observing that he hesitated); 'I see they're all quiet, as I said, in the garden. And, hark! Miss Angela is reading aloud.' \* \* Nothing could be more simple than was the furniture of the apartment. There was a lofty chimney-piece on one side, rising almost to the ceiling; it was of carved oak, almost black with age, its sombre hue being unrelieved by any ornament of any description. The grate, however, below was filled with greens and branches of hawthorn in flower. A Scotch carpet, of the cheapest kind and very small dimensions, was in the middle of the floor, covering, it might be, about one-third of the room; the uncovered part of the boards being of oak, black as that of the mantelpiece; and a waistcoat, of the same gloomy material, of an height to reach to the elbow, ran round the apartment; above which was an old, dingy-looking paper. The room looked desolate, dreary, unfinished, and uncomfortable. A round oak-table in the middle; a few old-fashioned, very heavy, and very ugly-looking mahogany chairs with horsehair seats; a little sort of side-board with drawers; a walnut-tree chest and *secrétaire*; an old, worm-eaten screen, covered with old prints, completed the furniture of the apartment: to which must be added a large and somewhat com-

fortable-looking sofa, provided with abundance of cushions, which, as well as the sofa, were all covered with patchwork, rather elegant than otherwise in its effect from the form of the pattern and the extreme nicety and exactness with which it was stitched and finished. There was a tall, antique, Rhenish wine-glass upon the table, with two or three sprigs of honeysuckle in it; a large, well-furnished workbox open beside it; and upon the little sideboard, instead of plate, a row of books in old bindings. I forgot to say that a small square pianoforte stood under one of the windows; and that over the sideboard hung a well-executed portrait of a remarkably handsome young man in uniform. Our young gentleman—he could not exactly tell himself why—took a more than common interest in examining all these things in detail; and while he was employed in noting these little evidences of self-denial and poverty, the low murmur of the reader's voice kept sounding in his ears, seeming to his fancy to have something most particularly sweet and attractive in the tones of it."

There is little occasion, we apprehend, to assure any one that the nurse of the impoverished lodger at this delicious farm-house is the heroine. Angela is a pattern of womanly virtue, an example of heroic duty and "cheerful faith," and tried as the "Old Men" can try their heroines. First, poverty overtakes her; then, the wretchedness which waits on the governess; lastly, the love on the memory and hope of which she had leaned as a prop throughout a long season of stormy weather proves to be not a broken reed so much as a spear to "pierce her side." Angela's trials are narrated with the author's well-known power, and in her well-known style. The last is more interjectional than ever. The narration, too, is ever and anon interrupted by digressions—as if the necessity for administering counsel in a didactic form had perpetually proved too strong for even the enthusiasm with which the narrator precipitates herself into the passion of her stories. But, however amiable be such purpose, the tale is not the better for its manifestation; while the same inconsistency as we have formerly noted, on occasions when the writer more obviously set herself to deal with the miseries of society, deprives the lesson which might otherwise have been derived from the interspersed remarks and exhortations of much persuasion and authority. Trite though it be, there seems eminent need of repeating now-a-days the truth, that he who would teach may enlarge wounds rather than heal them—disturb more minds than he can emancipate or anchor fast again in new heavens,—if his teachings do not possess harmony and solidity,—and such completeness as argues that the whole subject has been considered and cared for by the teacher.

If, once again, after beginning with a deliciously-opened tale of country life in England we find ourselves in the lecture-room, the fault is not ours. It may be inevitable in times like these. Yet, who among us can help in the secret of his heart longing for the fairy-land in which neither Educator nor Poor-Law Inspector is ever seen—and where, once having entered it, the weary world is shut out, while our spirits are refreshed and our sinews strengthened for the warfare to which we must too soon return!—We have indicated, though in a somewhat informal manner, the strong points of this tale as a work of Art—the rich and faithful beauty of its descriptive passages, and the delightful character conceived for its heroine. We must now speak of a blemish or two. Angela's friend (and foil), Augusta, like 'Emilia Wyndham's' Lisa, is too consciously boisterous, not to say slightly vulgar. Excuse, however, may be found for this in the sporting household in the midst of which the heiress was "raised," as the Americans say. The country house near Newmarket is an interior, of its kind, as excel-



lent as the parlour occupied by Mrs. Whitwell's poor lodgers. But no apology can reconcile us to the catastrophe of the story. The fashion of the time in this very important part of fiction-manufacture seems rapidly becoming worse and worse—more and more flagrant. The miraculous patchings and piecings, the absurd resurrections and bombastic reconciliations of the puppet-show must now be the novelist's models, if we are to judge by recent last chapters. Their authors seem to have nothing to do but to knock the heads of their *dramatis persone* together and pack them off to the church or to the churchyard by wholesale,—just as if they had not been labouring for some three volumes to make us believe in the truth to life of their devices and combinations.

In short, let the Author of 'Two Old Men's Tales' forthwith write another better novel than 'Angela.' Few can do it so well. Our last word, however, shall not be a lady's "last word,"—which is generally understood to mean something peculiarly critical, to say no worse. We are glad to meet again with the heroine of 'Angela's' predecessor, 'Norman's Bridge.' As a middle-aged heiress, Joan Grant keeps the promise of her girlhood, and makes a charming and probable secondary character—tales like 'Angela' inevitably coming to a stand-still without the intervention of a good Fairy!

*The Medals of Creation.* By Gideon Mantell, L.L.D. Bohn.

*Thoughts on Animalcules.* By the same Author. Murray.

WE owe Dr. Mantell an apology for not having noticed these works sooner; but the labours of the man of science are not so speedily superseded as those of lighter literature,—so that we are often compelled to make the former give way to the latter. Dr. Mantell is well known in the scientific world too; and his books scarcely need any other introduction than his own to ensure a large class of readers. On this latter ground it is that at the very threshold of our notice we feel inclined to find fault with the author. We do not like the names of his books. They are pedantic—and look as if they were intended to mislead. The 'Wonders of Geology' was perhaps a pardonable title—but why wonders at all? Other scientific writers when they give a sober account of natural phenomena do not call their books by such names: yet the wonders of botany, of chemistry, or of anatomy, would be just as appropriate titles for a book as wonders of geology. Such a designation looks like an attempt rather to catch the vulgar than to describe the nature of the work. The work at the head of this notice is another instance of the same bad taste. 'The Medals of Creation'! Why medals? Few could guess that such a work is intended to be descriptive of fossil animals and plants without turning to the author's frontispiece—where a quotation informs us that some poetical foreigner had exclaimed, on some occasion, that there was a new kind of medal much more important and incomparably more ancient than those of Greece and Rome. We are left to infer that he intended fossils. In the same false vein we have 'Thoughts on a Pebble,' and 'Thoughts on Animalcules,'—and are threatened with the 'Wonders of the Nervous System.' We hope that Dr. Mantell will take the hint from one of his German translators,—and should he publish other editions of his truly valuable works, adopt names for them more consistent with the dignity of Science.

Having thus delivered ourselves of a quantity of critical spleen which has been accumulating as each successive edition of Dr. Mantell's works have appeared, we can address ourselves

with a clear conscience to the business of commendation. Few men have pursued with more zeal and success the science of geology than Dr. Mantell; and when we consider that all which he has done has been done in moments of escape from the toils and anxieties of one of the most harassing of professions, we can express no less than astonishment at the result. It would not be right, however, whilst declaring our admiration of Dr. Mantell, to pass over in silence the assistance which he acknowledges to have derived in some of his works from Mrs. and Miss Mantell. We are always glad to be able to call attention to such assistance,—not only on the ground of justice to the individuals concerned, but as an encouragement also to others. How much of the time that is spent by ladies in drawing for mere amusement might be employed in making representations of natural objects that would be an enduring contribution to the stock of human knowledge!

The work entitled 'The Medals of Creation' has the alias 'First Lessons in Geology'; but even this last title does not properly indicate the nature of its contents. The book does not, in fact, contain any account of the formation of the strata of the earth, or of the principles of the sciences by whose laws our globe has assumed its present condition. It is devoted to a description alone of the various remains of the vegetable and animal kingdoms that are found in a fossilized condition in those strata. We need not direct attention here to the importance of this branch of natural history in connexion with geology. It has become the foundation of the present system of classification of the various rocks which form the crust of the earth, and the most precise means of ascertaining their relative age. The mere knowledge of chalk or limestone, of aqueous, metamorphic, or plutonic rocks, when they are presented to the eye, will serve but a little way in the study of geology. Nor is it merely sufficient that the remains of fossil animals and vegetables be known as such in order to understand their import in relation to the questions involved in geological science. Though the most popular of sciences, and as such assumed to be the most easy of apprehension, there are few departments of human inquiry which involve problems of so many difficult branches of knowledge as geology. The correct observation of the simplest facts in geology frequently requires the training of the mineralogist, chemist and naturalist. And yet it is in this science precisely that the greatest number of dabblers and pretenders are found—men whom no previous education has fitted for the difficult task which they have taken on themselves. It is highly necessary, therefore, that good books bearing on the various departments of science involved in geological inquiries should be known and encouraged.

Dr. Mantell's extensive practical knowledge of fossils renders him a valuable guide as far as the extinct remains of plants and animals are concerned:—and the "Medals" convey a large amount of information on this subject. The plan of the work embraces a short and popular account of fossils, arranged according to their Natural History classification. This scheme has an advantage over a chronological arrangement—as it enables the author to furnish a complete view of the various extinct forms of animals and plants, independently of the strata in which they occur. Thus, the vegetable kingdom is first examined; and, proceeding from the lowest to the highest plants, the various intermediate forms which they exhibit are generally described. In the introductory matter to the description of the forms of plants directions are given for the examination of fossil plants; and a general account is rendered of the forma-

tion of peat, lignite, coal, &c. from vegetable matter. The following remarks conclude the author's description of fossil plants.—

"Our limits do not admit of a more extended notice of fossil vegetables; but the preceding survey will afford the student a general view of the subject. Above six hundred species of plants have been discovered in the British strata, according to the recent catalogue of Mr. Morris; among which there are two species of *Poa*, a common tribe of grasses, from Coalbrook Dale, and these are almost the only known examples of any of the *gramineæ* in the ancient fossil Flora. From this survey of the mineralized remains of the vegetable kingdom, it will be perceived that, from the most ancient fossiliferous deposits, to those which are contemporaneous with man—from the ancient coal-measures to the modern peat-morasses—vegetable matter occurs in all the various states of carbonization; petrification, or transmutation into stone, from the infiltration of early or metallic substances, being an accidental change, dependent on the character of the deposit in which the remains were imbedded, modified by the nature of the original plants. Although the complete system of organic life in the vegetable kingdom of the ancient periods of our globe is not revealed by the fossil remains hitherto discovered, for numerous families may have existed of which no traces have been detected, and if of delicate organization none may be preserved, yet some interesting generalizations are presented for our consideration. And although conclusions of this kind must be regarded in the nature of shifting hypotheses, which may require to be modified with the progress of discovery, yet the characters of the Floras of certain formations differ in so striking a manner from those of other groups of strata, that it is not probable their essential features will be materially affected. From the data hitherto obtained, the most eminent botanists (Count Sternberg, M. Brongniart, Dr. Lindley, &c.) consider that the Floras of the ancient world constitute three distinct epochs or eras. The first comprehends the earliest strata in which traces of vegetation appear, and includes the Carboniferous. The plants of this epoch, as we have already shown, consist of ferns, and other cellular tribes; ferns, of various kinds, in great abundance; coniferous trees, related to species of warm climates; of palms, and other monocotyledons; gigantic lycopodia, and trees (*Sigillaria*) in great abundance, whose precise relations to known forms are not accurately determined. In this Flora the tree-ferns predominate, constituting nearly two-thirds of the whole known species; and the general type of the vegetation is analogous to that of the Islands and Archipelagos of intertropical climates. The second epoch extends from the New Red, or Silurian Strata, to the Chalk inclusive, and is characterized by the appearance of many species of Cycadeæ, Zamie, and other Coniferæ; while the proportion of ferns is much less than in the preceding period, and the Lycopodiaceous tribes, Calamites, &c. of the carboniferous strata, are absent. A Flora of this nature is analogous to that of the coasts and maritime districts of New Holland and the Cape of Good Hope. The third epoch is that of the Tertiary, in which dicotyledonous tribes appear in great numbers; the Cycadeæ are very rare; the ferns in diminished numbers; and the Coniferæ more numerous. Palms, and other intertropical forms, are found associated with the existing European forest-trees, as the elm, ash, willow, poplar, &c., presenting, in short, the general features of our continental Floras."

No one could, we think, on evidence like this deny that there has been progress in the creation of plants;—that the less perfect forms were at first most abundantly developed, and that the more perfect have been most recently created. Such a progress has been clearly indicated in the history of creation. It has been a progress on the whole,—but in no way a systematic development involving at every act of creation the formation of higher beings than had hitherto existed. Much less has it been a progress involving the contradiction of one species developing another higher in organization than itself.—As an example of how Dr.

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Mantell treats the details of his subject, we extract the following:—

"PALUDINA. Lign. 95, fig. 1. (Wond. p. 378. Lp. p. 63.)—This common river shell is of a conoidal form, and the whorls of the spire, and the aperture, are rounded. Eleven British species are known.

In the tertiary fresh-water beds of Haddon Hill, at Alum Bay, Paludine with the shells perfect, and of a dull white colour, are abundant; and also in the limestone at Shalcombe, in the Isle of Wight, in the state of casts. In both these localities the Paludine are associated with other fresh-water shells. But the grand deposit of shells of this genus is the Wealden formation; throughout which there are extensive beds of marble, coarse limestone, and clays, almost wholly composed of Paludine, and minute fresh-water Crustaceans, of the genus *Cypris*, which will be described in a subsequent chapter. The compact paludine-limestone of Sussex, called Petworth or Sussex marble, is principally made up of one species, the *P. fluviorum*, Lign. 95, fig. 1, and is an aggregation of Paludine, held together by crystallized carbonate of lime; the cavities of the shells, and their interstices, being often filled with white calcareous spar. A polished slab, displaying sections of the inclosed shells, is figured, Wond. p. 379. Upon examining slices of this marble with the microscope, the cavities of the shells are found to contain myriads of the cases of *Cyprides*. The Wealden limestone of the Isle of Purbeck, known as Purbeck marble, is, in like manner, composed of Paludine, but of a much smaller species. Both these marbles were in great repute with the architects of the middle ages, and there are but few of our cathedrals and ancient churches which do not still contain examples, either in their columns, monuments, or pavements, of one or both varieties. The polished marble columns of Chichester Cathedral, and those of the Temple Church, in London, are of Purbeck marble; in other words, they are composed of the petrified shells of mussels, that lived and died in a river, flowing through a country inhabited by the *Iguanodon* and other colossal reptiles, all of which have long since become extinct. With the exception of the *mussel-band* limestone of the Carboniferous system, previously described, these are the only British fresh-water marbles. There are four species of Paludine in the Wealden, and four in the tertiary strata of Hants."

The geological student must not expect to find in Dr. Mantell's book an introduction to the sciences of botany and zoology. With the elements of these branches of knowledge he must be acquainted before he can enter on its perusal with success. Furnished with this elementary knowledge, we know of no single work that will supply him with so much information about fossils as the one before us. In addition to the descriptions of plants and animals, there are sketches of geological excursions to several parts of Great Britain—which will be found of much service to the young geologist. At the end of the second volume, we have stumbled on a contribution by poor Hood: and are glad to be able to class him amongst those to whom geological science is indebted—if not for facts at least for fun.—

"A Geological Excursion to Tilgate Forest; A.D. 2000. By Thomas Hood, Esq. (Anticipatory; for the 100th edition of the *Medals of Creation*.)

Vincit omnia amor—OVID.  
..... hammer—HOOD.

"Time has been called the test of truth, and some old verities have made him testy enough. Scores of ancient authorities have he exploded like Rupert's drops, by a blow upon their tales: but at the same time he has bleached many black-looking stories into white ones, and turned some tremendous bouncers into what the French call *accomplished facts*. Look at the *Megatherium* or *Mastodon*, which a century ago even credulity would have scouted, and now we have Mantell-pieces of their bones! The headstrong fiction which Mrs. Malaprop treated as a mere allegory on the banks of the Nile, is now the *Iguanodon*! To venture a prophecy, there are more such prodigies to come true. Suppose it a fine morning, Anno Domini 2000; and the royal geologists, with Von Hammer at their head—pioneers, excavators, borers, trappists,

grey-wackers, carbonari, field-sparrows, and what not, are marching to have a grand field-day in Tilgate Forest. A good cover has been marked out for a find. Well! to work they go; hammer and tongs, mallets and threemen beetles, banging, splitting, digging, shovelling; sighing like paviours, blasting like miners, puffing like a smith's bellows—hot as his forge—dusty as millers—muddy as eels—what with sandstone and gritstone, and pudding-stone, blue clay and brown, marl and bog-earth—now unsextonizing a petrified bachelor's button—now a stone tom-tit—now a marble gooseberry-bush—now a hap'orth of Barcelona nuts geologized into two-pen'orth of marbles—now a couple of Kentish cherries, all stone, turned into Scotch pebbles, and now a fossil red-herring with a hard row of flint. But these are geological bagatelles! We want the organic remains of one of Og's bulls, or Gog's hogs—that is, the *Mastodon*—or Magog's pet lizard, that's the *Iguanodon*—or Polyphemus's elephant, that's the *Megatherium*. So in they go again, with a crash like Thor's Scandinavian hammer, and a touch of the earthquake, and lo! another and greater *Bony-part* to exhume! Huzza! shouts Field-sparrow, who will spar with any one and give him a stone. Hold on, cries one—let go, shouts another—here he comes, says a third—no, he don't, says a fourth. Where's his head?—where's his mouth?—where's his caudal? What fatiguing work it is only to look at him, he's so prodigious! There, there now, easy does it! Just hoist a bit—a little, a little more, pray, pray, pray take care of his lumbar processes, they're very friable. 'Never you fear, zar—if he be friable, I'll eat un.' Bravo! there's his cranium—Is that brain, I wonder, or mud?—no, 'tis conglomerate. Now for the cervical vertebrae. Stop,—somebody hold his jaw. That's your sort! there's his scapula. Now then, dig boys, dig, dig into his ribs. Work away, lads—you shall have oceans of strong beer, and mountains of bread and cheese, when you've got him out. We can't be above a hundred yards from his tail! Huzza! there's his femur! I wish I could shout from here to London. There's his tarsus! Work away, my good fellows—never give up; we shall all go down to posterity. It's the first—the first—the first nobody knows what—that's been discovered in the world. Here, lend me a spade, and I'll help. So, I'll tell you what, we're all *Columbuses*, every man Jack of us! but I can't dig—it breaks my back. Never mind: there he is—and his tail with a broad arrow at the end! It's a *Hylaeosaurus*! but no—that scapula's a wing—by Saint George, it's a flying dragon. Huzza! shouts Boniface, the landlord of the village Inn that has the St. George and the Dragon as his sign. Huzza! echoes every Knight of the Garter. Huzza! cries each schoolboy who has read the Seven Champions. Huzza! huzza! roars the illustrator of Schiller's *Kampf mit dem Drachen*. Huzza, huzza, huzza! chorus the descendants of Moor of Moor Hall! The legends are all true, then! Not a bit of it! cries a stony-hearted Professor of fossil osteology—Look at the teeth, they're all molar! he's a *Myglodon*! That creature ate neither sheep, nor oxen, nor children, nor tender virgins, nor hoary pilgrims, nor even geese and turkeys—he lived on—What? what? what? they all exclaim—Why, on raw potatoes and undressed salads, to be sure!

We had intended making some severe remarks on the 'Thoughts on Animalcules;' but this anticipated excursion has, we confess, taken all critical acerbity out of us—and we will only hope that Dr. Mantell will not tempt our anger again by books so little worthy of his character and position as the one last mentioned.

*Narrative of Events in Borneo and Celebes, down to the Occupation of Labuan.* By Capt. Mundy, R.N.

[Second Notice.]

HAVING firmly established his authority at Sarawak and got the internal affairs of his principality into something like order, the new Rajah's attention was directed to what may be called the foreign politics of his position. Three points of great importance presented themselves to his mind, as being necessary to the security of his people and the development

of his plans:—1. It was indispensable that he should obtain the countenance and support of the English authorities in those seas; as without them he could do little or nothing effectively. 2. He must be able to overawe the pirate tribes and chieftains of the Bornean coasts, to preserve his subjects from their raids and punish their aggressions: this could be done in the first instance only by the assistance of his countrymen. 3. Unless he could contrive to establish an English influence in the imperial government of Brunei strong enough to hold the piratical faction of the capital in check and wield the authority of the imbecile sultan, Omar Ali, for the protection of legitimate commerce and civilization, he felt that the progress of these must be always precarious. It is well known that Mr. Brooke attempted to effect the last of these objects by reconciling to Omar Ali, and restoring to power, Muda Hassim and Budrudeen—princes of the blood-royal, and devoted to the interest and alliance of England. Having achieved this point, the two princes remained faithful to their engagements in spite of every attempt to menace or corrupt them: and when the pirate party found that nothing could induce them to violate their faith, it was determined to exterminate them with all their families and friends. The seal of Omar Ali was obtained to a decree for their deaths, and the horrible massacre was executed to the letter. Despatches in the morning journals have made the public acquainted with the general character of these atrocious deeds; but complete and authentic particulars are now for the first time given to the world. The political importance of this terrible tragedy—leading as it directly did to the formation of a new British station in the Eastern world and the consolidation of Mr. Brooke's dominion,—and the high and interesting character of the victims, especially that of Prince Budrudeen—combine to render this event one of the most striking in the history of that country. The following is the account, given partly by Si Jaffer and partly by Mr. Brooke from particulars afterwards gathered by himself in Brunei.—

"Muda Hassim, at the especial direction of the sovereign, had assumed the title of muda, or young sultan, and had been declared heir to the throne; and, to every appearance, was in high favour with his highness. The four brothers were at this time living in security in various parts of the city, quite unsuspecting of any conspiracy against them, when suddenly, in the dead of night, the houses of each of the princes, and other men of rank known to be favourable to the English policy and to the suppression of piracy, were attacked by orders from the sultan, given under the royal signet, and thirteen members of his own family—uncles, nephews, and cousins—were barbarously assassinated by this unnatural monster. Jaffer, at the moment of the attack, was in attendance on his lord the pangeran Budrudeen, and, with a few of his immediate followers who happened to be in the house, made every exertion to repel the assailants. For some time Budrudeen fought bravely at their head; but, taken completely by surprise, overpowered by numbers, and desperately wounded, he at last gave way, and, retreating by the women's apartments, escaped to a distant part of the building, accompanied by his sister and by another young lady, all of whom were by this time aware, from the shouts and exclamations of the multitude, that Budrudeen was attacked by the authority of his own uncle and sovereign, whom he had so long and faithfully served. On rejoicing his lord, Jaffer was directed to open a cask or barrel of gunpowder which was found standing in the room. This order he immediately obeyed, and waited his lord's further commands. Pangeran Budrudeen then took a ring from his finger, and calling Jaffer to his presence, placed it in his hands with a last injunction to flee in haste to the sea, to endeavour to reach Sarawak, and to convey the ring to his friend Mr. Brooke as a dying memento of his esteem, and to



bid Mr. Brooke not to forget him, and to lay his case and the cause of his country before the Queen of England. Having received the ring, and faithfully promised to comply with these commands, Jaffer was ordered to depart, and as soon as he had done so, his lord fired the gunpowder, and pangeran Budrudeen and the two women were instantly blown up."

Muda Hassim was also the executioner of his own fate.—

"Forty or fifty men surrounded the house of Muda Hassim, and having set it on fire in several places, a general attack was made by these ruffians. Muda Hassim, in the confusion of the first onset, effected his escape to the opposite side of the river, with several of his brothers, his wife and children, and protected by the small body of his attendants whom he had hastily collected, was enabled for some time to defend himself against his enemies. Overwhelmed at last by the number of his assailants, he was obliged to give way, and having lost all his guns, ammunition, and property, he found himself at the mercy of his opponents. Some of his brothers had been shot, others wounded, and no hope remaining of safety except in the mercy of his sovereign, he sent messages to beg that his life might be spared. This was peremptorily refused, and death being thus inevitable, he retreated to a boat which chanced to be at the river's side, and placing a quarter cask of gunpowder in the cabin, he called to his surviving brothers and sons to enter, and immediately firing the train, the whole party were blown up. Muda Hassim, however, was not killed by the explosion, but determined not to be taken alive, he terminated his existence by blowing out his brains with a pistol. Jaffer, the servant of Budrudeen, with much difficulty effected his retreat and contrived to hide himself for several days in the city: at length he was discovered and brought before the sultan, who perceiving the ring on his finger, immediately took it from him and ordered him from his presence. Jaffer then found an asylum with pangeran Muda Mohamed, the brother of Muda Hassim, who after being desperately wounded in several places, had saved his life by flight and been ultimately protected by the sultan, his uncle. The sultan had openly proclaimed that he had killed the rajah Muda Hassim, and the other members of the royal family, because they were the friends of the English, and were anxious to act up to the treaties, and to suppress piracy. His highness had also built forts and made no secret of his determination to oppose by force any attempt to approach the capital. On the arrival of the Hazard he had sent two pangerans down the river under the disguise of friends, bearing Muda Hassim's flag, for the express purpose of inducing the captain to accompany them on shore, when they intended to kill him, and the people in the streets of Brunei and in the bazaars talked loudly of cutting out any merchant vessel which might appear upon the coast. The sultan had also engaged a man to convey an order under the royal hand to pangeran Makota, to murder Mr. Brooke either by treachery or by poison, or if not able to accomplish this object, to excite the people of Sarawak to drive him out of the country."

The grief, rage and indignation with which the Rajah of Sarawak received this account of the slaughter of his friends—because they were his friends—are painted with great warmth and vividness in these Journals. The time had come for vigorous action; it was the crisis in Mr. Brooke's career,—and from the day in which the sad intelligence arrived he ceased to write Journals. The news of the massacre, of the formidable blow which had been struck at England, and of the personal peril of Mr. Brooke, flew from station to station throughout the eastern world. Capt. Mundy's officers were dressing for a ball at Calcutta when it reached "the city of palaces;" all hands were instantly ordered on board, and as soon as the report was confirmed the Isis was pressing down the Hoogley at the top of its speed.

The commander-in-chief went in person to the scene of action. A small but sufficient fleet was ordered for Borneo;—and, touching at

Sarawak to take Mr. Brooke on board and at a few other points to read the ill-disposed a lesson, soon entered the river leading to the capital—where preparations for resistance had been made with more than ordinary judgment. As the vessels advanced up the river—picking their way slowly through the intricate and dangerous navigation—two well-placed batteries opened a destructive fire upon them: but after a quarter of an hour's cannonading from the brig, the gun-boats were sent off to storm the heights on which they stood. This was speedily accomplished—for the cannonade had been so true and deadly, that little more than breaking through the undefended embrasures remained for the assailants to do. The enemy's artillerymen had retreated into the jungle, and a few parting shots were all that the blue jackets could manage to exchange with them. This was almost the only fighting which took place. When the English entered the city, not a native was to be found; all had fled. The Sultan and his body-guard of five hundred warriors had retired to a strong position about thirty miles inland—where no European had ever penetrated, and which the natives believed to be unapproachable but by themselves. An active party was, however, sent in pursuit; and after incredible difficulties arrived at the fortified position a few hours after it had been abandoned by the fugitives, but in time to capture its brass guns and burn it to the ground. These decisive measures brought Omar Ali to his senses. They proved that the interior could be penetrated and that the Sultan might be captured. It was a great point with Mr. Brooke to convince the natives and Omar Ali of this. The conquerors, knowing that the latter's powers of mischief were now annihilated, forbore further pursuit, and permitted him to return to his capital on conditions—chiefly pointing at the punishment of the guilty pangerans, the suppression of piracy, and the fulfilment of his engagements. He came back in all humbleness; and in the end surrendered the island of Labuan—situate at the mouth of the Brunei river, within forty miles of the capital—as a naval and commercial station to the English. From this position it will not be difficult to overawe the piratical faction in the Sultan's councils; as no armament can well put to sea from the city without its being known at Labuan. Before the cession of the latter, Mr. Brooke had thought of destroying Brunei altogether, removing the capital to a new site, and placing one of the sons of Muda Hassim on the throne: but in many respects the policy now pursued is to be preferred. All the Malays have not the passive unwarlike habits of the inhabitants of Brunei: a large body of men with the determination and decisive character marked in the following incident—if supported by the prestige of a regular government—would carve out work of no contemptible kind for their English civilizers.—

"Sir William Hoste reported that he followed three prahus until the brig had shoaled the water to her own draught; when he despatched the boats in pursuit, under Lieut. Norcock, which officer, having boarded them shortly after they had run on shore and been deserted by their crews, found them to be laden with rice and other products of the country, and no guns or arms of any kind below. Imagining, therefore, that they were trading vessels, he returned towards the Ringdove, upon which the crews immediately regained the prahus, and were again making off from the shore, when a second order from Sir William Hoste, despatched by another boat, directed Lieut. Norcock to bring one of the prahus to the brig, in order that the commander might judge himself of her character. One of the prahus was consequently taken possession of and brought alongside the Ringdove, the crew rowing it themselves, and having a guard over them of three marines and

several seamen. On being made fast alongside the brig, without any previous warning, the pirates, for such it appears they were, though their arms had been skilfully concealed, suddenly rose, and simultaneously with their krisies flew upon the seamen and marines, and before they could defend themselves, one marine was killed, and two marines and a seaman severely wounded, they being all of the Ringdove's crew then on board the prahu. The prahu was at this time under the quarter, and touching the counter of the brig; so close, indeed, that one of the pirates actually took his spear, and lunging it through the port of the Ringdove, mortally wounded the master; and it was also reported, though I cannot ascertain exactly whether true or not, that the headman of the pirates, after killing the marine sentry dead with his krisie, seized the musket as the man fell into the hold of the prahu, and fired it at the officers standing on the gangway. The pirates then cut the hawser adrift, and seizing their paddles made off for the shore. A desperate and well-planned manoeuvre, it must be admitted; and as it was at this time dark, there would have been a probability of escape had not the boats of the brig been quickly manned and sent in chase. The prahu was overtaken and boarded in less than ten minutes, upon which the crew retreated below, and with their long spears, through the bamboo flooring, made a desperate defence, and finally refusing all quarter, they were slain to a man, and the prahu sunk by the gun of the pinace."

Nor are these ferocious bipeds the only troublesome enemies with which the Rajah has to contend. His influence is no doubt felt far beyond the boundaries of his own province; and evil doers in parts of which he has barely heard tremble for their safety. Pirate Malays and head-loving Dyaks have learned to respect his territories; and though occasionally an old chieftain is still wroth at not being permitted to go out and take a few heads to adorn his dwelling—little more comes of it. The natives are gradually growing reconciled to the privation. But, as we said, other and more intractable enemies are yet to be taught the sacredness of life. The Rajah's subjects still disappear at times in a mysterious manner: and the following is offered as an example of these abstractions—and of the account which is sometimes rendered of them.—

"A male crocodile was caught this morning, measuring fifteen feet four inches in length; and it is astonishing how quiescent these animals are when taken, allowing their feet to be fastened over their back, and a strong lashing put round the mouth without any resistance, and then brought down, floated between two small canoes. When dragged out of the water to be killed, the monster only moved his tail gently backwards and forwards. Yet when hungry, it is evident that he would attack both men and boats, for the bones of a poor fellow were found in his stomach. It is probable that these cold-blooded reptiles digest their food very slowly, and that one meal, which is a gorge, lasts them for some time, as is the case with the larger serpents; otherwise, if, like the dragon of old, he required a man or maid for breakfast, the demand would be a heavy drain on a small population. The thigh and leg bones of the Malay were perfect, and the feet had some portion of the flesh adhering to them, and were crushed into a roundish form, whilst the head was found separated at the joinings or processes. The poor man's jacket and trousers were also found, which enabled the relatives to recognise his remains, and, from his having been a fisherman, it was probable that he was attacked whilst occupied with his lines. A Dyak of Sarambo, who was with him, must have been carried off at the same time."

These "rajahs of the flood," as the Borneos call them, are not particularly attached to dark dainties, but banquet upon Europeans with equal gusto. This is one of the "perils" of the latitude, and must be accepted by the adventurers accordingly.

Capt. Mundy relates all the details of his various operations against the pirates of the coasts, ending with the ceremony of planting

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the English flag upon Labuan,—gives a geological account of that island and of the province of Sarawak,—and traces the career of Mr. Brooke down to the meetings at Guildhall and the Hanover Square Rooms. For these various particulars, the reader must consult his narrative. As a concluding paragraph, we prefer to quote the gallant captain's sailor-like estimate of Mr. Brooke's career in Borneo.—

"The astonishing fact of the inhabitants of the whole north-west coast of Borneo, extending from Cape Datu to Malludu Bay, being now so far weaned from their savage habits as to insure the personal safety of any European who may be thrown by shipwreck or otherwise upon their shores, is the triumph which should ever stand the first amongst the many which Mr. Brooke has achieved in that violent land; whilst the knowledge that he has individually been the means of rescuing from a state of slavery between twenty and thirty of his own countrymen, and other subjects of his sovereign, who without the magic influence of his name would to this day have been groaning beneath the yoke of Bornean bondage, must ever be to him a source of unbounded gratification. In confirmation of the knowledge of the change in the state of affairs in this quarter, I will observe, that not long before Mr. Brooke left Sarawak, a large American ship was totally wrecked on some of the shoals off the South Natunas; and as this disaster occurred at the height of the violent monsoon, the boats immediately bore up for the Borneo coast, and, landing in safety, were provided by native boats, with which they crossed over to Singapore. Another great benefit conferred on the commercial world by Mr. Brooke has been the success of the resolute efforts which he systematically carried on for the suppression of piracy. I have already remarked, that no one can be surprised when he reads that pirates infest the Eastern Archipelago, for, scanty as our knowledge has hitherto been of that region, still the early circumnavigators have frequently alluded to these rovers of the sea; but when we are informed that Dyak fleets of two hundred vessels, manned with four or five thousand men, were frequently cruising off the province of Sarawak, carrying desolation and destruction in every direction, and at the same time learnt that Illanun and Balanini fleets, even better organised, and equally great as to numbers, were also ravaging the shores of every peaceful tribe, and rendering the navigation of the sea so perilous that no merchant vessel dare approach within the limit of their cruising ground, we could scarcely credit this startling announcement. Yet so it was! From the many accounts of these pirate communities given by Mr. Brooke in various parts of his journals, we are enabled to form an opinion of the magnitude of their undertakings; and the subsequent operations of her Majesty's squadron against them have proved the correctness of Mr. Brooke's judgment as to their intrepid character and savage nature. Wherefore the rendering the north-west coast of Borneo a refuge for the shipwrecked of all nations, and the suppression of piracy in the eastern seas, are what I consider the most prominent of the benefits conferred on the civilised world by Mr. Brooke."

These are great services; and the speculative reader will add to the estimate of their value the "collateral good" to which they are necessarily allied,—the art, science, industry, polity, morals, in a word the civilization which is beginning to germinate in that rich but long neglected land.

Tables exhibiting the various Fluctuations in Three per Cent. Consols. By James Van Sommer. Smith, Elder & Co.

By way of originality, we were beginning to say that the Three per Cents. are the pulse of the country, when we remembered that some one had been before us. Here we have a register of all the beats of the pulse from 1793 to 1847, with one year on each page,—and a little account of the external circumstances affecting the nerves, with the medicines administered, on the opposite one. That dreadful she-doctor, the Bank—who takes no fee except what she

gets by the sale of her medicines on the "advice gratis" system—steps in from time to time with a *haustus statim sumendus* which divides the men of the Stock Exchange into pairs,—one of whom would stop the clock if he could, while the other would make it gallop.

The fluctuations of consols are registered to the eye by the several rises and falls being imitated on ruled lines, each of which represents one price. The months are not subdivided into days,—so that the minor details are not given. This is convenient, as the general history is better preserved, and we are saved from the momentary effects of all the cock-and-bull—we mean bear-and-bull—stories which meteorize in the money atmosphere.

The look of this medley of ups and downs gave us an idea which we will venture to say has not struck Mr. Van Sommer and others:—we should very much like to hear them played on the trombone. The successions of unequal jerks—now short and rapid, now with a long and sudden stretch of the arm, succeeded by a few more jerks at its utmost length, and a quick recovery of the former position, which are so visible in the use of that instrument—are here perfectly imitated. An easy convention as to the meaning of the symbols would, we are satisfied, enable any one who is used to it to play the history of the last war much better than the Battle of Prague is performed on the pianoforte. We claim copyright in this hint. If any musician should steal a bass from it, he will hear from our solicitor.

Matters thus represented to the eye, *oculis subjecta fidelibus*, give lessons which statistical tables are much slower about. Let us take the year 1815 as an instance. According to Professor Creasy, who separates from all the rest the six great battles of the world, Waterloo is not in the number,—probably because he thinks that no imaginable event of the day would have altered that of the war. The opinion of the Stock Exchange coincides with his. The year and Napoleon began their march (if it be not too bad to say so) together,—the former upon April, the latter upon Paris; and the Three per Cents. began theirs from 64 to 50, at a more rapid rate than either. But by the 25th of the month, the treaty between the four powers was completed,—and the consols turned quietly about, and proceeded to retrace their steps. The news of the victory—so decisive in a military point of view, and so early known to merit that character—did not more than recover the depression caused by the rumours of the previous days; and the funds were lower in July, August, and September than they had been in April and May.—The historian should have these tables before him.

The eventful month of November 1847 is marked by a tabular phenomenon which occurs only once throughout the book. It is the necessity of giving three times the usual space to the month to exhibit the fluctuations in the usual detail. In the preceding month, consols had touched 78½,—never having been so low since March 1831, when Lord John Russell introduced the Reform Bill into the House of Commons.

At the end of the book is a short table of dates, explanatory, we suppose, of the matters which principally affected the funds. The collocation is curious. Next to the battle of Waterloo comes—"1830, Nov. 9th, William the Fourth declines going to the Lord Mayor's dinner." And truly enough we find that the second event affected the national pulse more than the immediate expectation of the first one way, or its arrival the other. Accordingly, to the question "When did the hero of Waterloo produce his greatest effect upon the Three per

Cents?" the answer must be, "Not at Waterloo."

Mr. Van Sommer's part in this performance is very simple for a person in his position,—and he has done it well. We regret that the price of corn was not entered in the same lines, on another scale.

#### POETRY OF THE MILLION.

OUR labours under this head are a species of literary stone-breaking, to keep the highways to Parnassus in repair. Among the rubbish-heaps that it is also our duty to clear, this week, from the poetical highway, we have, in the sanguine spirit of treasure-seekers, made an almost fruitless search for precious stones. Pebbles we have found, of all shapes, sizes and hues—"black, white and gray,"—some round and polished so as to delude us for a moment into the belief that we had come upon a gem. This is the most painful accident of our toils—adding the annoyance of a momentary deception of our senses to the pain of the permanent disappointment of our sensibilities. In the world of poetry less than in any other world can glitter supply the place of gold. Not all the skill of the lapidary-rhymer can polish a common pebble into a true poetic jewel. We can do nothing, then, with most of what is now before us but pile up the verse-heaps by the literary wayside, as a warning to—as well as for the convenience of—those who are lawfully journeying to the Temple of the Muses.

*Jephtheginia*, by Edward Farr, is an ingenious effort to spin a lengthy drama out of the story of Jephthah and his daughter; the style and character of the whole resembling one of the "Scripture stories for young children" done into blank verse—and done very badly. The author says it is the fruit of "early years and leisure hours." The "early years" we should have assumed; the "leisure hours" required to be stated. The former plea—as we have again and again shown in similar cases—is of no use to the writer in the court of criticism; the latter makes the case worse against him. The value of this gentleman's leisure hours, as he employs them, will be best understood by a specimen, which will suggest the quality at once of the polemics and of the poetry.—

What! bound to sin because thou hast been rash?  
Jephthah, it can, and must! thou art not bound.  
So then, if I do say that I will do  
Something which I do discover afterwards  
To be a crime, I must perform the deed  
Because I said it. Foolish reasoning,  
Which e'en a puling infant may refute!  
It is our duty, when convinced of error,  
To humble us, and to recall our words.  
Oh, thine would be a monstrous doctrine if  
It were established!

We believe this will be enough. The passage is chosen rather than another because it contains an argument applicable to the writer's own case. Whatever pledges he may have given to poetry, let us entreat him not to hold himself bound by them—but, convinced of his error, to retrace his steps. "For what is reason given?" he says himself, very pertinently—though neither poetically nor grammatically. "That when our tongues doth err we may repent, nor do a further wrong."

Mr. Ragg's own name might supply an adjective descriptive of the school of poetry to which belongs his *Scenes and Sketches of Life and Nature*, consisting of 'Edgbaston' and other poems. His poetry is of the ragged school, that affects poverty of language—and in his individual instance achieves poverty of thought. This is the mistake that imitates the Wordsworth form and thinks it is the Wordsworth inspiration. The writer is of the class which would seek the prophecy in the mantle and the wisdom in the wig. They cannot see that even rags may be worn "with a difference." Because the mental

dignity of a noble beggar shows through his very tatters and makes them picturesque, they fancy the tatters are the quality. Because Diogenes looked grand in his tub, they think that they in a tub would look like Diogenes. The world, while it admits exceptions, insists upon its rules. Rags are not a commodity, nor a tub a dignified residence. Genius, like beauty, may wear any garment it pleases. The Grecian Venus may venture on eccentricities of costume which the Venus of the Hottentots had best avoid; and Mr. Wordsworth may do many things which Mr. Ragg must not.

Mr. Henry R. Pattenson is not of Mr. Ragg's school. His title of *Ambition* has suggested the character of his style. Mr. Pattenson is of the ambitious school,—and works for his object with metaphor and trope. His tinsel is worn, like Mr. Ragg's tatters, over poverty of thought. Like many other ambitious writers, Mr. Pattenson has not paused to reduce his metaphors to order. They generally want drilling—and are sometimes in positive rebellion on his page. Neither is he well served by his metres; and great advantage is in other respects taken of his haste. What does he mean, for instance, by the following—

No grander scheme did ever man transcend—  
No nobler purpose, no more righteous end?

And how does he scan the first of the following lines as a heroic verse—

To witness his great transfiguration,  
And show the glory unto every nation?

Mr. Mant, the author of *Reginald Vere* has mistaken his vocation:—his book is one of Mr. G. P. R. James's novels twisted into rhyme and spiced with Puseyism. The writer has a facility that is often melody—and looks at times like poetry; but the real amount of antiquarian and historic lore in this volume, and his able delineation of the characteristics of the time of the contest between the Royalists and Puritans, are subjected to a grievous process of dilution by their reduction into verse. Really, the jingling mania is as strong in our day as if this were not emphatically the day in which no one will listen to it.

Sifting our heaps, we come at length on what seems at least a pretty-looking stone—and turns out to be at least a bit of spar. Mr. Robert Ferguson, the author of *The Shadow of the Pyramid*, is one of the many who write "gentlemanly" poetry—full of good taste and classic feeling—yet fall short of being poets. His volume is a collection of Sonnets written unconnectedly during a recent visit to Egypt, and now gathered into a series for publication. The connexion and sequence are, therefore, not offered as perfect. Neither is there anything particularly new in the views reflected by Mr. Ferguson's verse: but the characteristics of Egypt—confined to that portion comprehended in the district around Cairo—are truly enough rendered, and occasionally with picturesque effect. The structure of the verse, too, is accurate—and the language of its art is sufficiently graceful. The sonnets waft us along, with a smooth, elegant flow of thought and diction—past the majestic Nile—the eternal pyramids—the immemorial tombs; weaving together ancient and modern associations in a manner agreeably suggestive. Take a couple of examples:—

Untamed and haughty, dashing proudly past,  
Behold the Bedouin on his gallant steed!  
And mark the pledge to Ishmael and his seed,  
How through all changes it doth changeless last!  
Turn to the Turk, the tyrant of to-day:  
No word of promise holds his kingdom fast!  
See! how he sleeps the strength of life away,  
Till from his hands the sceptre shall be cast.  
It seems a pleasant life to sit and think,  
Where thoughts are dreams, to let the fancy feed  
On variegated reveries, and drink\*

\* The Arabic expression for smoking signifies "drinking tobacco."

The soothing perfume of the fragrant weed,  
Till from his slumbers he awakes to find  
That all men have not slept—and he is left behind.

And the following on the Memlooks.—

Beneath, their tombs are scattered, light and gay,  
Unlike the grim old tombs around them spread—  
Too gay, methinks, for mansions of the dead,  
Too frail—for see them crumbling day by day!  
Like Nature's bright creations, overhead  
Their tapering stems the minarets display;  
Like hers, untouched their stony leaves are shed,  
Nor hand of Man restores them in decay.  
Pause in their silent streets—No footstep breaks  
The stillness where these grim old warriors sleep,  
Never Muezzin from his watch-tower steep  
With pious call the hour of slumber wakes—  
No lingering mourner loves to watch and weep  
Around—No heart is heavy for their sake!

*Theoria* (by Digby P. Starkey) is a title to explain which we must draw on the author's Preface. "*Theoria* is a term derived from the Greek philosophy, and has been adopted by a modern essayist of considerable ability to denote the operation of the faculty by which we receive the moral impressions of beauty."—This faculty Mr. Starkey evidently possesses in a high degree. The faculty of imparting those impressions is not necessarily the same;—but Mr. Starkey has at any rate a power of very picturesque presentment. From 'The Song of the Pen' we may give a passage or two to indicate his manner.—

Sing of the soul of nervous fire,  
Gnawed by the vulture of desire,  
Gasping for pleasure's finger tip  
To cool its agony of lip,  
Close cooped within the iron bars  
Through which it grasps at the stars,  
Or any great and glorious thing  
Beyond the flight of sordid wing;—  
Sing of that soul, thus overwrought,  
A prey to suicidal thought,  
Plucking at last its sword, the pen,  
From forth its own most vital vein,  
To ply the blood-stained weapon then  
'Mongst men.

Drive, drive the pen along  
In something—fate or song;  
No matter, so we cast  
A wet page o'er the last,  
And enter in our score  
One mouthful earned the more.  
There's silence in the house—I'm free,  
Dear heart! to work for such as these.  
Hie to thy bed, beloved one,—  
Dark as it was, the day is done;  
Thy throbbing temples need repose,  
E'en penury bath eyes to close;  
Suffice it now 'tis mine to wake—  
All labour's sweetened for thy sake.  
And thus with prayers he sendeth her to rest,  
To write of cheer, with trouble at his breast,  
While the goose-quill striveth and straineth away  
Over the paper.  
Beneath the taper,  
Through the hours that man calls night—and genius day.

'Calypsis' is a lyric of curious character—wherein Mr. Starkey mingles geology, botany, and modern political economy in an allegory marvellously confused, yet containing fine bits. There is much of imagination in his picture when—as the guiding notes, very necessarily, explain—"the poet findeth himself in the heart of the earth."—

Medreamed in travelling further, that I came  
To an abyss of stone. A monstrous weight  
Of mountain seemed to press the solid rock  
Out into layers. And the ocean-stream  
Rocked overhead in grim serenity,  
Like a lone mourner o'er a buried corpse.  
What there might be above, I could not see,  
But things that looked as stars were glimmering there,  
Dim in the twilight of the incumbent green.  
Within the vault, full as it was of stone,  
There was a suffocating sense of weight,  
An airless, gasping, agonizing stress,  
As if the grave would crush the bones of life,  
Had it but room to ope its jaws. But I  
Saw—and yet lived.

And silence brooded there,  
Throned upon adamant, save when there came  
The rumbling of the earthquake's chariot-wheels  
On some still deeper causeway, faint—then near—  
Thundering in furious haste along,—and then  
Faint, hurried off to some invisible goal  
Through galleries unknown.

And darkness reigned  
Cimmerian, with its sightless sockets strained,  
Light's sepulchres, disconsolate for food,  
Yet still undied, save when a lurid spark  
Shot into its recesses, passing through  
With haste, just tremulously gleaming on  
Some dim Pyrites it discovered there,

Then forth again in dread, lest it should be  
Devoured alive in such tremendous gloom.  
And all was still as death, as well as day,  
And silent. Only now and then there stirred  
A thrill—a throb—a something not quite rest,  
Yet scarcely motion. 'Twas as if a thought  
Was cast by God an instant on that place,  
And passed.

But there was feeling—and I felt  
Things like the images of things that were;—  
The same—yet not the same. Life, lifeless now,  
Yet life-like;—shape and place identical,  
But nature changed: the change from life to death.  
There were the lordly ferns, with fronds disspread,  
As I had seen them in the tropical sky.  
There were the leaves, with every fibrous nerve  
Distinct—yet dead: and there columnar reeds  
Of Calamite, now hard as the basalt  
To which my fancy linked them at the first.  
And huge Stigmara—Cactee, whose stalks  
Of bulk preadmit and wonderful  
Shot blackly into blocks of solid stone,  
Without a leaflet crushed; as if their air  
Were adamant. Life, too, was there, or had  
Been there. The Megalothys, with its trunk,  
Almost a reptile, as it might be now,  
Lurked in the rock, to seize its rocky prey;—  
With shelly things—the Ammonite, beside  
The Pecten, and the graceful Nautilus.  
It was the shadow of a world of light—  
The complement of nature.

Of graceful melody and felicitous expression examples abound.—

Through many a glade the maiden moon pursued the mid-  
night hours—  
In many a lawn the enamoured dew fell back amidst its  
flowers:—  
The forests whispered on their hills, and the mighty moun-  
tains rose  
Like silent altars under heaven, in eloquent repose.

And the pebbly brook told o'er and o'er its wanderings  
from its source,  
And questioned every stone it met of its yet untravelling  
course;  
And as it murmured through the dell, it listened—for it  
heard  
An answer from the rock, how soft! responding word for  
word.

And again:—  
A nightingale's lone note arose—but trembled in the  
ether,  
So slender was the thread that hung silence and song  
together.

'The Briton's Fatherland' is a sort of rhyming lesson on geography: in which the author, after apparently naming as many countries as he can think of in his inquiry after the "Briton's Fatherland," finally settles the query to his own satisfaction as follows:—

The world's his giant fatherland.  
His head is Europe—arm and hand  
Grasp Africa—America:  
His feet are Asia—Australia.

*Catawba River, and other Poems*, by J. Steinfort Kidney, is a volume of true poetry from the Far West: but having the fault, which we have again and again urged against American poetry, that it gives no reflection of the West. It is full of the beauty of landscape poetry; but the landscapes render none of the peculiar features of the particular region. It has on it the freshness of mountains and rivers and forests;—but tells not especially of the mountains and rivers and forests of the clime which seems to lift up its giant voice

With the large utterance of the early gods.

The first poem, 'Catawba River,' gives a succession of word-pictures reminding us of our own Creswick and Lee.—

O, in that nest woven with gentle hues  
Thy trembling life all feebly is begun:—  
Child of the sunny showers and nightly dew!  
From such a home thy devious race thou'rt run;  
Like all things else upon the earth,  
The purest at thy place of birth.

In powerless loveliness thou seemest to lay,  
Like many a darling one—so softly moving:  
Unable yet with any joy to play;  
Yet all the fitter for the gaze's loving:  
Untaught, as yet a little while,  
Conscious of happy life, to smile.

Now sleeping half the time beneath the grass,  
Then, rounded to a pool, gemming the green:  
Thus anxiously thy sober life thou pass;  
Still sadly beautiful where thou art seen:  
As yet in many doings immured,  
Whether thy being is assured.

Loving and joyous with thy crowding hopes,  
Thou'rt pressing closely now thy loving banks;  
Then with still rapture sliding o'er the slopes:  
Now murmuring softly thy content and thanks;

Then  
Laugh  
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And fro  
Seem  
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Whose c  
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Dee  
Rose  
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Like  
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Tend  
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Keen  
Spiri  
Glan  
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Both  
Com  
Robe  
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Drow  
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Grief  
Child  
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and ocean  
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Then with a gleam of foamy white,  
Laughing in keenness of delight.

Then, in the gloomy swamps the black pools lie,  
Saddled with ranks of feathery cypress trees;  
Which thicker wading from the cheerful sky,  
And from th' uneasy presence of the breeze,  
Seem pillars to the halls of Death;  
Where never stirs a living breath.

And in the shining pond, each cone-like base  
Seems resting on its image from below;  
The slim trunks shooting toward heaven's brighter face;  
Whose other selves down into darkness go:  
And all is, like a picture, still:—  
Fixed thus beneath the Master's will.

The rhymeless music of the following lyric is  
wild and beautiful.—

Come in the Moonlight.

Come in the moonlight—come in the cold.  
Snow-covered the earth,  
Yet O, how inviting!  
Come—O come!

Come, ye sad lovers, friends who have parted,  
Lonely and desolate,  
All heavy-hearted ones,  
Come—O come!

Come to the beauty of frost, in the silence.  
Cares may be loosened,  
Loves be forgotten,—  
Come—O come!

Deep is the sky:—pearl of the morning,  
Rose of the twilight,  
Lost in its blueness.  
Come—O come!

Look up and shudder; see the lone moon  
Like a sad cherub  
Passing the clouds.  
Come—O come!

Lo: she is weeping:—tears in the heaven  
Twinkle and tremble.  
Tenderest sister!  
Come—O come!

Keen is the air!—keener the sparkles  
Sprinkling the snow-drift,  
Glancing and glittering.  
Come—O come!

Look to the earth,—from earth to her sister.  
See which is brightest!  
Both white as the angels!  
Come—O come!

Robed in the purity heaven hath sent her,  
Gone are the guilt-stains—  
Drowned in the holiness.  
Come—O come!

Grief hath no wailing:—Rapture is silent.  
Colder and purer  
Freezes the spirit.  
Come—O come!

We add an example or two of the felicitous  
and occasionally gem-like thoughts which are  
scattered over Mr. Kidney's page.—

And could they call thee cold, thou angel one,  
Because thy spirit ne'er was bared to us;  
But, like the new moon dark among the stars,  
Shone to some other world, but not to this,  
Have in the palest outline of her form,  
Her brightness turning to the holy sky!  
O wert thou but the more the heavenly guest,  
Because thy heart and soul found each their love—  
The human on the breast of the divine?

Again:—

O happy one! I hear thy glad voice flinging  
Its cheerfulness, like sunshine, all around.  
Thy not thy voice!—It is thy heart is ringing  
Its silvery peals, that joy may all abound;  
And scattering the sweet contagion of the sound.

And from thy presence only, there is springing  
A sweetness I can hear,—a ceaseless tone,  
Alike that happy, universal singing  
At noon of summer's day that reigns alone:—  
The music of still life, when every noise hath flown.

With a simple trust in editorial benevolence  
that cannot surely know the trials and irritations  
to which that is exposed, the poet asks of the  
*Athenæum* especially to send him word to the  
Catskill Mountains whether it would advise  
the publication of these poems in England.  
We will not take upon ourselves to give any  
such advice:—but Mr. Kidney will see that we,  
nevertheless, welcome his volume.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

*The Henpecked Husband.* By the Author of 'The  
M.P.'s Wife.' 3 vols.—Whether a novel which must  
excite terror into the breast of every single man who  
reads it be or be not a boon to society is a nice ques-  
tion—one which, perhaps, had best be left for the con-  
sideration of the "Single Women of England." That

such must be the effect of this tale is next to a mathe-  
matical certainty. The melancholy estate of the fly  
within the spider's web—the awful predicament of  
the Dead-Alive shut up within the Iron Shroud of  
hideous memory—are hardly worse to contemplate  
than the sufferings of Mark Chetwode, the hero of  
this long-drawn petty tragedy. From the first page  
we perceive his doom to be inevitable. The good,  
generous, shy man must needs be given up for lost  
from the moment when the scheming mother of two  
unmarried daughters crosses the threshold of the  
drowsy old mansion in Hill Street where he dwells  
with his mother and his maiden sister. A more for-  
midable Bachelor-Trapper has not been presented in  
fiction than Mrs. Dering. As self-seeking in forcing  
forward her own interests as Mrs. Falcon the rapa-  
cious and audacious, Mrs. Dering is much more  
delicate in her advances—more steady in her pursuit  
of advantages, great, middle-sized and small. Her  
manœuvring spirit has the elephantine faculty of  
moving mountains or picking up pins. There seem  
neither beginning, middle, nor end to her encroach-  
ments; and from the moment when we saw her cast  
her net we gave up the fish, not as simply caught,—  
but also as cooked, eaten, and digested! We must  
give high praise, too, to Theresa the Husband-Tamer;  
to whose assumption and imperiousness the happi-  
ness of "the Henpecked Man" slowly but surely  
falls victim. It required nice art on the part of the  
author to rescue her from utter detestation,—so steady  
and systematic are the devices by which she practises  
upon the free will and fondness of poor Mark;  
nevertheless, a certain fascination is thrown around  
her which does not excuse her, yet prevents us from  
turning away with utter aversion. It redeems her  
husband, too, in some measure from the contempt  
with which we must otherwise have regarded his  
placidity. Another character of the drama,  
Aunt Bellingham, is worthy of Miss Ferriar. Her  
mischievous, eccentric bluntness has an uncomfort-  
able reality, entitling her to pair off with the Scotch  
novelist's *Uncle Adam* and one or two of her man-  
aging elderly ladies whose names have escaped us.  
Lastly, the novel contains more than one incidental  
remark instinct with fine observation as well as healthy  
feeling. But that we fear that public interest in its  
class is exhausted, we should predict for it a wide and  
well-deserved popularity.

*The Russian Sketch-Book.* By Ivan Golovine,  
author of 'Russia under the Emperor Nicholas.'—  
Living, as we do, within distant view of the close of  
one momentous period of European history and at the  
commencement of another, it is inevitable that we  
should become somewhat weary of changes rung on  
familiar subjects, and curious to study the new com-  
binations which may arise. Who, for instance, has  
not heard enough of the Peninsular War as a topic?  
There has been in another set of books a sufficiency  
concerning Austrian satisfaction under its paternal  
government—even if recent events did not make a  
change of note necessary by proving Mrs. Trollope's  
"one spot of firm ground" to be, like every other  
inch of earth, liable to up-heavings under a peculiar  
configuration of the planets. Again: we have been  
tired, for a long time, of anti-Jesuit anathemas; be-  
lieving the race of criers *per receipt* to be as numerous  
as that of criers according to conscience—and holding  
ours to be days when conviction, knowledge and  
charity are alike necessary to the very humblest  
person who pretends to influence public opinion.  
Lastly: ere we opened this 'Russian Sketch-Book'  
we could have rehearsed what it must contain,—illus-  
trations of espionage, tyranny, corruption,—pictures  
of emasculated nobles and infuriated serfs, angelic  
Poles, diabolical Muscovites, &c. The pages perform  
to the utmost every promise which we could have made  
for them. No more need be said, therefore, in their  
praise or dispraise.

*An Account of the Aurora Borealis seen near Cam-  
bridge, October 24, 1837.* By J. H. Morgan and J. T.  
Barber.—This account has a dozen descriptive coloured  
plates, very well executed—but showing phenomena  
of much more definite boundary than usual. If they  
be accurate, the appearances must have been most  
singular. All the accounts given in our columns  
and elsewhere are added,—so that the work is com-  
plete. Descriptions of the Aurora of March 19  
preceding and of September 21, 1846, as seen at  
Cambridge, are also given.

*Thankfulness: a Narrative, comprising Passages  
from the Diary of the Rev. Allan Temple.* By the  
Author of 'Records of a Good Man's Life.' There  
is hardly a noun and its epithet which we like better  
than "Cheerful Faith" preached by the Poet as his  
creed. Therefore, without entering into such matters  
of dogma as it is the Rev. Mr. Tayler's express voca-  
tion to discuss, we recommend the argument of his  
narrative. It is pushed, however, somewhat to the  
verge of such quietism as amounts to almost the  
palsy of natural feelings and affections. Exultation  
and resignation belong to two separate states of  
fortune. Only Fanaticism could try to persuade  
a captive in Spielberg that he was in a better place  
there than on some free hill side or in busy haunt  
of courageous men. Thus much "to keep the  
balance true"—Truth being seldom more unfairly  
handled than in cases where tales are written on  
texts. So often, however, as Mr. Tayler escapes  
from a direct laying down of the law, to vary  
his homily by the introduction of lighter and more  
episodic matter, he writes agreeably and describes  
with the *gusto* of one to whom objects are distinctly  
present. The Diary refers to the past century: and  
the visit to the old Catholic mansion, with its hiding-  
places where a fugitive kinsman of the clergyman's  
wife had found a retreat, may be justly cited as an  
example of the pictorial power which we have been  
recognizing. Mr. Tayler, too, is generally happy  
in his delineation of female character;—though,  
perhaps, erring on the side of super-sweetness.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Beattie (Dr.) On Nature, &c. of Truth, new ed. 12mo. 4s. cl.  
Dallas's (Rev. A.) My Churchyard; its Tokens, &c. 2nd ed. 6s. 2s. cl.  
Deasly's (Rev. W.) Doctrinal and Practical Sermons, 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.  
De Lamarque's France and England, 4th ed. 18mo. 1s. 2nd.  
De Lamarque's History of the Girondins, Vol. 1. 2nd ed. 3s. 6d.  
Devlin's (J. D.) Helps to Herford History, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.  
Dombey and Son, by Charles Dickens, 8vo. 7s. cl.  
Drew (S.) On the Immortality of the Soul, 12mo. 4s. cl.  
Ellis's (Mrs.) Prevention better than Cure, 6s. 2s. cl.  
Ellis's (Mrs.) Hawdon House, on Formation of Character, pt. 8vo. 2s.  
Hand-Book of Bengal Missions, by Rev. J. Long, post 8vo. 6s. cl.  
Haskell's (W. D.) Engineer's Railway Guide, Part II. 8vo. 2s. cl.  
Hervey's (Lord J.) Memoirs of the Reign of George II., 2 vols. 36s. cl.  
Hoare (Ven. C. J.) On the Baptism of Infants, 12mo. 5s. 6d. cl.  
Hope's Prize Knitting Book, square, 1s. 2nd.  
Howard's (E.) Jack Ashore, new ed. 6s. 4d. cl.  
Howe's (Rev. J.) Works, with Life, by Rev. J. P. Hewlett, 3 vols. 27s.  
Joe Miller for Rail and River, square, 1s. 2nd.  
Lewes's (G. H.) Rose, Blanche, and Violet, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.  
Midleton's (C. S.) Hours of Recreation, Poems, 12mo. 5s. cl.  
Nichols's (J. B.) Literary History of the 18th Century, Vol. VII. 21s.  
Nichols's (G.) Flax Grover, 2nd ed. 12mo. 1s. 2nd.  
Ockley's History of the Saracens, 2nd ed. post 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.  
Pearson's Exposition of the Creed, new ed. 8vo. 6s. cl.  
Ronaldson's (Miss) Useful and Ornamental Crochet Work, 2s. 6d. cl.  
Tytas's Popular Flowers, First and Second Series, 6s. 6d. each, cl.  
Tytas's Sentiments of Flowers, royal 32mo. 6s. cl.  
Tytas's Favourite Field Flowers, 12 coloured plates, 6s. 7s. 6d. cl.  
Wise's Law of Riots and Unlawful Assemblies, 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.  
Williams's (C. J. B.) Principles of Medicine, 2nd ed. 8vo. 14s. cl.  
Young's (Dr.) Outlines of History of Ireland for Schools, 18mo. 3s. 6d.

#### LORD ROSSE'S TELESCOPE.

At the meeting of the Dublin Royal Academy,  
on March 17th, Dr. Robinson gave an account of  
the present condition of Lord Rosse's telescope.  
Dr. Robinson found that the speculum (whose  
figure, as he had formerly stated, was not quite  
perfect), as well as a duplicate one, had been  
polished by the workmen; and as he apprehended  
no difficulty in the process, it was repeated. An  
unexpected difficulty, however, occurred, which  
made much delay, till Lord Rosse discovered the  
cause. The success of the operation requires that it  
be performed at the temperature 55°. In winter  
this must be obtained by artificial heat,—which,  
however, increases the dryness of the air, so that the  
polishing material cannot be kept on the speculum.  
In this case the surface is untrue, and gives a con-  
fused image. This was verified by the hygrometer,  
and remedied by a jet of steam so regulated as to  
keep the air saturated with moisture. The result  
was immediate; and at the first trial the speculum  
acted so well that it was unnecessary to try any  
further experiments. Three additions had been made  
to the telescope:—1. The movement in right ascension  
is given from the ground by machinery intended  
to be connected with a clock movement which is in  
progress. 2. To obviate the difficulty of finding  
objects, an eye-piece of large field and peculiar con-  
struction is connected with a slide, so that it can  
be replaced by the usual one in an instant. It magnifies  
208 times, and employs nearly four feet of the specu-  
lum, the same as Herschel's 40-feet; thus giving  
the power of trying what that instrument might show.  
3. The micrometer is peculiar,—a plate of parallel  
glass, with a position circle attached. Light admitted



at its edge cannot escape at the parallel surfaces, except they be scratched, and a scale of equal parts engraved on one of them with a diamond—luminous in a field absolutely black. The exceedingly unfavourable state of the weather subsequently prevented much from being done; in fact, there was but one good night, the 11th ult. In the moon he observed the large flat bottom of the crater covered with fragments, and satisfied himself that one of the bright stripes, which have been often discussed, had no visible elevation above the general surface. In the belts of Jupiter, streaks like those of Pyrrhus's cloud were seen; and the fading of their brown colour towards the edge is evidence that they are seen through a considerable and imperfectly transparent atmosphere. A similar shade in the polar regions, where little cloud is to be expected, seems to indicate that the brighter bands are cloudy regions, and the more dusky show the body of the planet. Several nebulae were examined,—and, as formerly, all were resolved. That of Orion is most remarkable. Even before the mirror was perfect, and in bad nights, that part of it which presents the strange flocculent appearance described by Sir John Herschel is seen to be composed of stars, with the lowest power, 360. But Dr. Robinson's eye required 830 to bring out the smaller stars, amongst which these are scattered. Having seen them, and known the easiest parts, they were seen with the 3-feet and 500. Dr. Robinson has seen a recent notice in which this nebula is said to have been resolved by the observers of Harvard University, U.S., with a Munich achromatic of from 15 to 16 inches' aperture. He has often seen it with Mr. Cooper's of 13.5, a difference easily to be allowed for, but never saw any trace of resolution. He does not in the least dispute the observation; for a precise knowledge of the place (which Dr. Nichol had mentioned) with a purer atmosphere and sharper eyes than his are sufficient to account for it; but he cannot refrain from remarking that the epithet "incomparable," which they apply to their telescope, would be less extravagant if—in addition to the two stars of the trapezium which were discovered by the telescopes of Dorpat and Kensington—they had seen the other two which the 6-feet showed at the first glance, after its polish was completed. Another interesting object is the planetary nebula, h. 464, situated in the splendid cluster, Messier, 46, and probably a part of it. It is a disc of small stars uniformly distributed and surrounded by the larger, Messier, 64, is a singular modification of the annular form seen obliquely. The opening seems black as ink, and at its margin is one of those interior clusters of bright stars so often noticed before. But the most remarkable nebular arrangement which this instrument has revealed is that where the stars are grouped in spirals. Lord Rosse described one of them (Messier, 51) in the year 1845; and Dr. Robinson found four others on the 11th, of which he exhibited drawings, h. 604 (seen by Herschel as a bi-central nebula), Messier, 99, in which the centre is a cluster of stars. Messier, 97, looks with the finding eye-piece like a figure of eight; but the higher powers show star spirals related to two centres, appearing like stars with dark spaces round them,—though probably high powers in a fine night would prove them to be clusters. Another fact deserves to be noted, from its bearing on Struve's 'Études d'Astronomie Stellaire.' In that admirable book, among other curious matters, he infers that the 18-inch telescope of Herschel penetrated into space only one-third of what was due to its optical power. He explains this by supposing the heavenly spaces imperfectly transparent. In computing the limit, however, he assumes that the Milky Way is in its greatest extent "unfathomable by the telescope." Dr. Robinson, however, chanced to observe it when it is deepest at 6-4, and is certain that its remotest stars were very far indeed within the limit of the 6-feet, and very much larger than those of the nebula of Orion.

#### THE ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY SOCIETY.

THE numerous publishing Societies which have sprung up of late years to supply a defect that had been very strongly felt—namely, the want of some means of printing works which it was desirable to have given to the press, but which were not of a nature to make the printing of them a matter of

profitable speculation—have hitherto regarded strictly the rule of not interfering with the trading rights of publishers—not availing themselves of the advantages afforded by their subscribed capital for the purpose of bringing out books the publication of which fell within the legitimate province of the regular bookseller. As it appears, however, from the list of works announced by the Ecclesiastical History Society that this rule is not to be acted on by them, it is fair to conclude that the thirty or forty Archbishops and Bishops who figure as its patrons and vice-patrons have either not had their attention called to the subject,—or have considered that if the Ecclesiastical History Society possesses advantages over the general body of publishers which enable it to present to the reading world better editions of the works of the best Ecclesiastical Historians than any amount of mere capital can produce, it is its duty to violate the general principle for the sake of the advantage which historical literature would derive from such a proceeding.—If the line of conduct adopted by the Council is to be defended upon this ground, it remains to inquire how far the first book published by the Society offers any such advantage.

The value of the different works illustrative of the History of our Church for which we are indebted to the zeal, industry and learning of Strype will not be disputed: but his warmest admirers have long felt how much that value would be increased by the careful supervision of a competent editor. In short, a revised edition has long been called for. When, therefore, the Ecclesiastical History Society announced their intention of bringing out a new edition of Strype "with a large mass of MS. matter never before published," it was expected that the desideratum was about to be effectually supplied.—The appearance of the first volume has shown that this expectation was to be disappointed.

This is clearly demonstrated in a series of very pungent 'Remarks on the first volume of Strype's Life of Archbishop Cranmer recently published by the Ecclesiastical History Society,' addressed in the first instance to the Editor of the *British Magazine*, and since reprinted by the author, the Rev. S. R. Maitland, as a separate pamphlet. From this pamphlet we shall content ourselves with the following extract; which we recommend to the serious attention of those members of the Episcopate who have thought proper to give the Society the benefit of their names as patrons,—in order that they may in addition give the Council the benefit of their suggestions, and the members that of their influence towards the attainment of a more careful editorial superintendence of the works issued under their sanction.—

"The Ecclesiastical History Society has," says Mr. Maitland, "recently published a first volume of Strype's Memorials of Cranmer. I do not know exactly how long it has been out; but I have only heard of its existence within these few days. As I am not a member of the Society, it is not particularly my duty to criticise the manner in which its work is done; though, of course, I have the right, which every one has, to express an opinion of a published book, especially one ushered into the world with so much promise and such a frontispiece of patronage. I do not, however, know that I should have exercised this right, or thought myself called upon to trouble you with any remarks on the volume, but for a statement which the editor has thought fit to make in his preface. He says, 'The documents, contained in the edition of A.D. 1694 have also been verified, as far as it has been possible, and more correct references added, wherever it appeared needful.'—p. viii.

"Of course, I do not pretend to say what it might be possible or impossible for the editor to do; but it is certain that among the documents contained in the edition of A.D. 1694, many of the most important and interesting are those which Strype obtained from Archbishop Cranmer's own Register. Indeed it must be obvious to every one possessing the least knowledge of the subject, that in editing Strype's Life of Cranmer that Register was before, and above, all other sources of information to be consulted,—and this, not only because Strype makes so many extracts from it, and references to it, but because the documents and matters of history which he derived from it form the most important and best authenticated part of his work. In fact, the Memorials, deprived of what they owe to the Register, would be lamentably diminished in bulk, and still more in value; and to edit them without reference to that volume is like omitting the part of Hamlet, a thing not to be excused unless it has been done by 'particular desire' of the patrons, vice-patrons, council, and subscribers. Add to this the notorious laxity and inaccuracy with which Strype made his extracts, and it will be obvious that the revision and verification of those parts of the work were among the most important and obvious duties of an editor.

"It is equally certain that the editor has done nothing of the kind; and indeed it is but justice to him to say so; for to have looked at the Register, and then to have printed what he has, would imply a degree of stupidity or malice

which would be perfectly incredible. It is clear that he has not done it, and he says it was not possible to do it. He will perhaps be able to explain to the satisfaction of the council, and they to the satisfaction of the patrons and subscribers, wherein the impossibility lay; and some of them, perhaps, even after his explanation, may be apt to think that so long as such an impossibility existed (how long soever that might be) it would have been better to keep back the volume.

"Further, it is no less true, (and it is more particular to my purpose to state,) that whatever might be the impossibility which prevented the editor from verifying the documents derived from Cranmer's Register, it did not originate with those who had the power of giving or withholding access to it. As to that, since the Archiepiscopal Registers have been in my custody, it has never been impossible, or even difficult, for any man employed in literary work to consult, collate, or copy, or, in fact, do what he pleased with the Registers, short of injuring or removing them. I feel that I have a right to say this, as it regards myself; and that I am bound in duty to say it with reference to the learned and liberal Primate whom I had the honour to serve. From the day that I entered on my office, I never had a doubt—indeed all such general or particular instructions as I then, or afterwards from time to time, received, confirmed my belief—that in making the Library at Lambeth known, accessible, and useful, to men of letters, and rendering to them such assistance as might be in my power, I was fulfilling the particular duty which I was placed there to perform. I am desirous to have it fully understood that the impossibility, whatever it was, did not originate in any impediment offered at Lambeth; and that, to the best of my knowledge, no application was ever made for access to the Register on account of this publication."

The foregoing extract contains a sufficient vindication of "the late Primate" and his Librarian from an imputation which might attach to them in consequence of the Editor of Strype's Cranmer leaving his readers to infer that it was not possible to collate a document so necessary to be collated as the Register in question. The remainder of the 'Remarks' serve to show the comparative worthlessness of the new edition of Strype resulting from this important omission; and to make manifest how much more beneficial to the Ecclesiastical History Society than either the names or the subscriptions of its episcopal patrons would be the active interference in the management of its affairs of such distinguished scholars as the Bishops of London, Ely, St. David's, and Durham.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

THE papers of the week announce the death at his seat, Goodrich Court in Herefordshire, at the age of 65, of Sir Samuel Rush Meyrick, well known for his collection of ancient armour and his work on the same subject—which were his titles to knighthood. Sir William, as our readers know, rendered valuable service to the Ordnance in the arrangement of the horse armoury in the Tower of London.—From the same source we learn the death, in his 66th year, of Dr. Hogg, known for his antiquarian researches and as author of a 'Visit to Alexandria, Damascus and Jerusalem';—and also that of Mr. Russell, Bishop of Glasgow and Galloway. "As the author of several popular literary works," says the *Daily News*, "Dr. Russell was better known in England than most of his brethren. He was the author of the 'Life of Oliver Cromwell,' in *Constable's Miscellany*; and contributed 'Palestine,' 'Nubia and Abyssinia,' 'Polynesia,' &c., to the *Edinburgh Cabinet Library*. He wrote also, a 'Connexion of Sacred and Profane History,' and a compilation on the 'History and Topography of Palestine.'—Foreign journals mention the death at Venice of the geographer Adrian Balbi—and that at Brussels of Louis Raoul, many years Professor of Latin in the University of that city.

The *Belle Assemblée* and other such 'civil' periodicals of former reigns used to record the "whereabouts" of Baron Geramb's whiskers;—and not many years ago we reviewed the eastern Travels of the Dandy become Devotee. We may now close the "strange eventful history" by announcing the decease of "the Procureur-General of the Convent of La Trappe" as having taken place in Rome on the 15th of last month.

The directors of the Caledonian Society of London have, we see, commenced a subscription for the family of poor Thom, the poet of Inverary—bestowing it with a subscription of five guineas from their own funds.

A correspondent who consults the MSS. at the British Museum assures us, in reference to our statement of a fortnight ago touching the condition of that department, that an Index to the MS. volumes of the Catalogue of additional MSS., containing

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Shepherds' Bush, and fitted up at an expense of 1,200*l.* for their reception. The institution is under the more immediate management of Mr. Charles Dickens and Mr. Chesterton, the Governor of Cold Bath Fields Prison. It is as yet only an experiment; but gives, we are informed, every sign of proving useful to the class for which its benefits are intended. Our readers are aware of the suspension of the transportation system by Government, and the substitution of "exile" for male prisoners after a course of rigid discipline at Pentonville.—Miss Coutts's "Home" is intended to try the same scheme for female penitents. They are to be sent out to the colonies—after a course of trial and probation here—as free women; provision being made for them until they enter into service or marry. Every kind of domestic art,—cooking, sewing, straw-plaiting, &c.—is to be taught in the "Home," which can render them valuable as wives or servants. Great care is taken in the selection of the inmates;—real penitence, sobriety, honesty, health, being the qualifications demanded in the applicant for admission. As yet, there are but twelve or fourteen inmates; but if the scheme work well, the promoters are prepared to appeal to the public for the means of greatly enlarging it.

#### BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALL MALL.

The Gallery for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of British Artists is OPEN DAILY, from Ten till Five.—Admission, 1*s.*; Catalogue, 1*s.* WILKIN BARNARD, Keeper.

#### SOCIETIES

**ROYAL.**—*March 9 and 16.*—The Marquis of Northampton, in the chair.—'Report of Experiments made on the Tides in the Irish Sea; on the similarity of the Tidal Phenomena of the Irish and English Channels; and on the Importance of extending the Experiments round the Land's End and up the English Channel.' By Captain F. W. Beechey, R.N. The author commences by stating, that the set of the tides in the Irish Sea had always been misunderstood, owing to the disposition to associate the turn of the stream with the rise and fall of the water on the shore. This misapprehension, in a channel varying so much in its times of high water, could not fail to produce much mischief; and to this cause may be ascribed, in all probability, a large proportion of the wrecks in Carnarvon Bay. The present inquiry has dispelled these errors, and furnished science with new facts. It has shown that, notwithstanding the variety of times of high water, the turn of the stream throughout the north and south Channels occurs at the same hour, and that this time happens to coincide with the times of high and low water at Morecombe Bay,—a place remarkable as being the spot where the streams coming round the opposite extremities of Ireland finally unite. These experiments, taken in connexion with those of the Ordnance made at the suggestion of Prof. Airy, show that there are two spots in the Irish Sea, in one of which the stream runs with considerable rapidity without there being any rise or fall of the water, and in the other the water rises and falls without having any perceptible stream; that the same stream makes high and low water in different parts of the channel at the same time; and that during certain portions of the tide, the stream, opposing the wave, runs up an ascent of one foot in three miles with a velocity of three miles an hour. The author enters minutely into the course of the stream, shows that the point of union of the streams from the opposite channels takes place on a line drawn from Carlingford through Peel in the Isle of Man on to Morecombe Bay; and concludes his remarks on this part of the subject by adverting to the great benefit navigation will derive from the present inquiry. He then notices a chart of lines of equal range of tide, which has been compiled partly from the ranges published by the Royal Society, and partly from observations made on the present occasion; and has annexed a table by the aid of which the seaman will be able to compare his soundings taken at any time of the tide with the depths marked upon the Admiralty charts. Next follows the mention of a feature in the motion of the tide-wave, which Capt. Beechey thinks has hitherto escaped observation; viz. that the upper portions of the water fall quicker than the lower,—or in other words, that the half-tide level does not coincide with the place of the water at the half-tide interval; that this difference in the Bristol

Channel amounts to as much as four feet, and that the law seems to be applicable to all the tides of the Irish Sea. We are next presented with a table exhibiting the various curves assumed by the tide-wave, and with the durations of the ebb and flood at each place. Having explained these observations in the Irish Sea, the author proceeds to apply to the tides of the English Channel the law which he found to regulate the stream of the Irish Channel,—availing himself of the observations of Capt. M. White and others for this purpose. There was no difficulty in adapting the rule in the upper part of the Channel; but below the contraction of the strait, the apparent discordance was so great that nothing but a reliance on the general accuracy of the observations prevented the inquiry being abandoned. It seemed that the streams are operated upon by two great forces, acting in opposition to each other; viz. that there is a great offing stream setting along the western side of the British Isles, and flowing in opposition to the tides of the Channel above the contraction, turning the stream with greater or less effect as the site is near to, or removed from, the points of influence. By pursuing this idea, it was seen that the observations in the English Channel respond to it; and then applying it to the offing of the Irish Sea, and considering that channel to comprise within its limits the Bristol Channel, as the English Channel does the Gulf of St. Malo, it was found that the observations there also fully bear out the idea. So that there was afterwards but little difficulty in tracing the course of the water, and bringing into order what before appeared to be all confusion. The author then traces the great similarity of tidal phenomena of the two Channels, and proceeds to describe them. For this purpose he considers the Irish Channel as extending from a line connecting the Land's End with Cape Clear to the end of its tidal stream, or virtual head of the tide at Peel; and the English Channel from a line joining the Land's End and Ushant, to the end of its tidal stream off Dungeness. With these preliminary lines, he shows that both Channels receive their tides from the Atlantic, and that they each flow up until met by counter streams; that from the outer limit of the English Channel to the virtual head of its tide the distance is 262 geographical miles,—and in the Irish Channel, from its entrance to the virtual head of its tide, it is 265 miles. In both Channels there is a contraction about midway; by Cape La Hogue in the one, and by St. David's Head in the other, and at nearly the same distance from the entrance. In both cases this contraction is the commencement of the regular stream, the time of the movement of which is regulated by the vertical movement of the water at the virtual head of the channel; situated in both cases 145 miles above the contraction, and that the actual time of this change, or Vulgar Establishment, is the same in both cases. Below the contraction of the strait, in both cases the stream varies its direction according to the preponderance of force exerted over it by the offing stream. In both cases, between the contraction and the southern horn of the channel there is a deep estuary (the Bristol Channel and the Gulf of St. Malo) in which the times of high water are nearly the same, and where, in both, the streams, meeting in the channel, pour their waters into these gulfs, and in both raise the tide to the extraordinary elevation of forty-seven feet. From the Land's End to the meeting of these streams in one case is seventy-five miles, and in the other the same. In one channel, at Courtown, a little way above the contraction, and at 150 miles from the entrance, there is little or no rise of the water; and in the other, about Swanage, at the same distance from the entrance, there is but a small rise of tide also (five feet at springs). In both cases these spots are the node or hinge of the tide-wave, on either side of which the times of high water are reversed. And again, near the virtual head of the tide, in both cases, there is an increased elevation of the water on the south-east side of the channel of about one-third of the column—the rise at Liverpool being thirty-one feet, and at Cayeux thirty-four feet. The author traces a further identity in the progress of the tide-wave along the sides of both channels opposite to that of the node. In the first part of the channel the wave in each travels at about fifty miles per hour; in the next, just above the node, this rate is brought

down to about thirty miles in one, and to sixteen miles in the other; it then in both becomes accelerated, and attains to about seventy-six miles per hour. Lastly, the author observes that the node or hinge of the tide, placed by Prof. Whewell (in his papers on the tides) in the North Sea, is situated at the same distance nearly from the head of the tide off Dungeness, as the node near Swanage is on the opposite side of it; and that in the Irish Channel, at the same distance nearly as the node at Courtown is from the head of the tide off Peel, there is a similar spot of no rise recently observed by Capt. Robinson. Capt. Beechey's letter was illustrated by charts and diagrams, showing the identity and singular phenomena of these two great Channels.

**GEOLOGICAL.**—*March 22.*—C. Lyell, Esq. V.P., in the chair.—W. Beardmore, W. Freeland, J. R. McClean, W. Willis, R. H. Semple, Esqrs., and Capt. R. T. W. L. Brickenden, were elected Fellows.—Papers 'On the Internal Structure of Halonia,' by J. S. Dawes, Esq.—'On the Cystidea of M. von Buch and the Cunoidea generally,' by T. Austin, Esq.,—and 'On some Fossil Bones from the Crag Suffolk,' by J. Wiggins, Esq., were read.

**SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.**—*March 30.*—T. Amey, Esq. V.P., in the chair.—J. McCulloch, Esq., and Major Macdonald were admitted Fellows.—A letter from Mr. Wright to the President was read, stating, as we announced last week, that it was not his intention to disturb the unanimity of the Society by continuing a candidate for the vacant office of Joint-Secretary. The Bishop of Oxford, as an Auditor, read the Report: by which it appeared, that after the discharge of every claim upon the Society up to Christmas last there remained a balance in the hands of the Treasurer of 347*l.*—the capital stock of the Society being 5,100*l.*—A paper was read from Lord Mahon, the President, 'On two monkish-Latin inscriptions in the Church of the Capuchin Convent at Seville,' no notice of which had been taken by any traveller, although of considerable historical importance. It was in this church, we believe, that the great masterpieces of Murillo were preserved, now removed to the public gallery at Madrid.—The first part of a paper by R. Brooke, Esq. 'On the origin of the Office of Notary in England' was read.

**NUMISMATIC.**—*March 23.*—J. B. Borge, Esq., in the chair.—A letter was read from W. B. Dickinson, Esq. on the Siamese silver coin, called the Tickal or Tekal. Tavernier compares these coins to hazel nuts with an opening giving them a horse-shoe form; the origin of which Mr. Dickinson attributes to the earlier and annular form of money in the East. Its globose form he considered to be derived from the shape of bullion money, before the invention of coinage; and he quoted some passages from the books of Exodus, Leviticus, Kings, &c., from which he assumed that the original form of the shekel was also globular.

**INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.**—*March 20.*—S. Angell, V.P., in the chair.—E. Hodgkinson, Esq., was elected an Honorary Member, and T. Pearson and E. Sharpe were elected Fellows.—Mr. Wyatt read a paper 'On the History, present Condition and proposed Restoration of Llandaff Cathedral.'

*April 3.*—C. Fowler, V.P. in the chair.—F. C. Penrose was elected a Fellow.—Mr. R. W. Billings read a paper, 'On the Ancient Architecture of Scotland.' After stating the earliest remains of construction in Scotland to consist of one or two Roman bridges and earthworks of stations, some Druidical remains of considerable extent, and the Picts' houses resembling bee-hives in form, Mr. Billings mentioned that the first recognizable style of importance in that country was the Norman; and he pointed out the similarity of style in the architecture of that period in Scotland to that of the north of England. The transition to "early English" and "early decorated" took place in the two countries almost simultaneously; but during the latter part of what may be called the decorated period, at the end of the thirteenth century—when the dispute for the Scottish crown caused the severance of the two kingdoms—a striking difference became visible between the styles of architecture. This became the more marked as the alliance which had then sprung up between



Scotland and France grew stronger. From that time forward the architecture of Scotland has borne the impress of her ally; and the ancient and modern houses and hotels of Edinburgh of the present day resemble very much those of the French capital. It is also to be remarked, that during the period last alluded to (the latter end of the decorated period), there existed a considerable affinity between the ecclesiastical and domestic architecture in Scotland:—for instance, the hanging tracery of Roslyn Chapel is found also in the court-yard of Linlithgow Palace, and at Stirling. The “four-centred” arch is not to be found in Scotland,—the circular arch being used at all periods; and from these circumstances the form of the arch, so important an element with us in ascertaining dates, is in that country no guide for the purpose.—Mr. Billings alluded to the immense strength of the fortresses previously to the introduction of powder; and said that when experience proved that no lengthened resistance could be opposed to that terrific power, the picturesque semi-castellated architecture was introduced,—a style as peculiar to Scotland as the perpendicular or the Elizabethan is to England. The system of having a small circular loop-hole under each window in the private dwelling-houses was particularly alluded to. The Reformation and the zeal of the followers of John Knox swept away a large portion of the interesting buildings of Scotland; but the real spoilers, Mr. Billings remarked, were the town authorities. Their example was followed by the lower classes,—who in their turn regarded the ruins as “quarries” for obtaining materials; and in the present day railway works are equally destructive to many of the most interesting ruins in the kingdom. Mr. Billings expressed a strong opinion that some official means should be taken to prevent this destruction. In the time of Charles the First the revival of Italian architecture and its mixture with the Gothic produced the picturesque effect so remarkable in the buildings of that period. Heriot’s Hospital, Winton House, and Glasgow College, were especially instanced.

STATISTICAL.—Feb. 21.—Lieut.-Col. W. H. Sykes V.P., in the chair.—Mr. Danson read ‘A Contribution towards an Investigation of the Variations which took place in the Condition of the People of the United Kingdom during the eight years extending from the harvest of 1839 to that of 1847; and an attempt to develop the connexion (if any) between the changes observed and the Prices during the same period of the most necessary articles of Food.’ The first part of this paper was an attempt to ascertain, by a strictly statistical method, the variations which had taken place in the actual condition of the people during the period in question; using chiefly the positive data afforded by the Reports of the Poor Law Commissioners, the accounts of the savings’ banks and the registry of marriages. The materials available relating principally to England and Wales, the inquiry was there carried into detail. The population for each year having been computed on the basis of an assumed annual increment equal to the average of that prevailing between 1821 and 1841, the proportion of the number of paupers relieved in the Lady-day quarter of each year, and of the amount of the savings’ banks funds in the November following, and of the number of marriages in the year, was ascertained, first on the largest basis of population to which each was applicable, and afterwards for each of two groups of districts of nearly equal population selected to represent the manufacturing and agricultural portions of the kingdom.—Lancashire and the West Riding of Yorkshire being taken for the former, and the nine counties of Northumberland, Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambridge, Bucks, Herts, Berks, Wilts and Devon for the latter. It appeared that in the United Kingdom, and in England and Wales generally, there was a gradual increase of the proportion of pauperism and decrease of the proportion of marriages to population from 1839 to 1842; but that in 1843 these proportions were reversed, and the apparent prosperity of the people began to increase, and continued to do so down to 1846. The proportion of savings’ banks funds to population was observed to increase throughout the whole period, but in a varying ratio,—the years of least addition to the funds corresponding

precisely with those in which the other indications pointed to the greatest degree of depression among the people. On pursuing the investigation separately as to the manufacturing and agricultural districts, it became apparent, however, that the more general view afforded no correct idea of their particular condition. The gradually increasing depression of the manufacturing districts from 1839 to 1842 was far greater than that shown by the average of the kingdom; but their condition was very suddenly and greatly changed for the better during the spring and summer of 1843. The agricultural districts, on the contrary, continued not only to be depressed but to sustain an apparent annual increase of their depression down to the spring of 1845; after which they appeared to have shared the general prosperity,—rising, however, as they seemed to have fallen, much more slowly and regularly than the selected manufacturing districts. These general conclusions were supported, and the train of reasoning by which they were arrived at illustrated, by numerous tabular statements; exhibiting in detail all the computations requisite to bring the statistical data relied upon into combined operation; and apparently affording an ample and secure foundation for the further pursuit of the inquiry. The second part of the paper—which, to avoid as far as possible the influence of a preconceived connexion upon the logical result, was kept entirely separate—stated the annual average prices during the same period of the six principal descriptions of grain and pulse; first, for the astronomical years, and afterwards for harvest years assumed to begin with the first week in September,—also the quantities of each description annually imported, and their apparent cost at the average price for the year. These prices, being stated in decimal parts of a pound sterling, afforded a remarkable indication of the correspondence of their variations with the causes apparently acting most forcibly on the general condition of the people. The prices of beef and mutton, and of tea, sugar and tobacco, as articles of scarcely less general use, were similarly stated, and afforded a strong confirmation of the general inference. To this part of the investigation was added an attempt to ascertain the annual fluctuations of the proportion per head on the whole population of the quantities of tea, sugar, malt and spirits consumed, and also (having regard to the variations in prices) of the expenditure upon each of these articles.

MARCH 20.—The Right Hon. Holt Mackenzie in the chair.—A paper was read entitled ‘A Statistical View of the principal Public Libraries in Europe and the United States of North America,’ by Edward Edwards, Esq. In very few branches of statistical inquiry is it more difficult to arrive at well grounded and precise results than in that to which this paper refers. Yet an accurate estimate of the extent of the public libraries in the several states of Europe, and of the amounts accorded for their maintenance and enlargement by the respective governments of those states, when compared with their population and their revenues, would probably afford no unfair test either of the spirit and character of the governments or of the progress of the people. The number of public libraries in Europe is 383; of these 107 are in France, 41 in the Austrian States and in the kingdom of Lombardy and Venice, 30 in the Prussian States, 28 in Great Britain and Ireland (including Malta), 17 in Spain, 15 in the Papal States, 14 in Belgium, 13 in Switzerland, 12 in the Russian Empire, 11 in Bavaria, 9 in Tuscany, 9 in Sardinia, 8 in Sweden, 7 in Naples, 7 in Portugal, 5 in Holland, 5 in Denmark, 5 in Saxony, 4 in Baden, 4 in Hesse, 3 in Wurtemberg, and 3 in Hanover. Comparing the aggregate number of volumes in these libraries with the aggregate population of the cities which contain them, we have in Great Britain and Ireland 43 volumes to every 100 inhabitants; in Russia, 80 to every 100; in Spain, 106; in France, 125; in the Austrian Empire, 159; in the Prussian States, 196; in Parma, 204; in Mecklenburg, 236; in Hesse, 256; in the Papal States, 266; in Nassau, 267; in Tuscany, 268; in Modena, 333; in Switzerland, 340; in Bavaria, 347; in Saxony, 379; in Saxe-Meiningen, 400; in Denmark, 412; in Baden, 480; in Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, 551; in Hesse-Darmstadt, 660; in Wurtemberg, 716; in Saxe-Weimar, 881; in Hanover, 972; in Oldenburg, 1078; and in Brunswick, 2,353 volumes to every 100 inhabitants of the cities

containing libraries (of 10,000 volumes and upwards). Comparing the number of volumes in the libraries of the chief European capitals with their respective populations, there are in Weimar, 803 volumes to every 100 inhabitants; in Munich, 750; in Darmstadt, 632; in Copenhagen, 465; in Stuttgart, 452; in Dresden, 432; in Hanover, 335; in Florence, 313; in Rome, 306; in Parma, 278; in Prague, 168; in Berlin, 162; in Madrid, 153; in Paris, 143; in Venice, 142; in Milan, 135; in Vienna, 119; in Edinburgh, 116; in Petersburg, 108; in Brussels, 100; in Stockholm, 98; in Naples, 69; in Dublin, 49; in Lisbon, 39; in London, 20. We see, therefore, that Brussels is 5 times better provided in this respect than London; Paris, 7 times; Dresden, 21 times; Copenhagen, 23 times; Munich, 37 times; and the little city of Weimar, 40 times. The average annual sum allotted to the support of the Royal Library at Paris is 16,575*l.*; of the Arsenal Library, 1,790*l.*; of St. Geneviève, 3,400*l.*; of the Mazarine, 1,790*l.*; of the Royal Library of Brussels, 2,700*l.*; of Munich about 2,000*l.*; of Vienna, 1,900*l.*; of Berlin, 1,460*l.*; of Copenhagen, 1,250*l.*; of Dresden, 500*l.*; of the Grand-Ducal Library of Darmstadt, 2,000*l.*; of the Library of the British Museum, 26,552*l.* The present average number of volumes annually added to the Royal Library at Paris is stated to be 12,000; to that of Munich, 10,000; to that of Berlin, 5,000; to that of Vienna, 5,000; to that of Petersburg, 2,000; to the Ducal Library of Parma, 1,800; to the Royal Library of Copenhagen, 1,000; to the Library of the British Museum, 30,000. The Americans have reason to be proud of the extent of their establishments in this kind for public advantage, and especially in furtherance of popular education. There are in the States at least 81 libraries of 5,000 volumes and upwards to which the public, more or less restrictedly, have access; and of these 49 are immediately connected with colleges or public schools. The aggregate number of volumes in these libraries is about 955,000.

HORTICULTURAL.—March 21.—J. R. Gowen, Esq. in the chair.—R. Croyke, Esq. and Mr. G. Wheeler were elected Fellows.

A Banksian Medal was awarded to F. G. Farmer, Esq. for a new *Dendrobium*, apparently a variety of *D. Griffithi*, but a striking one, the flowers being white, relieved in their centres by a broad patch of orange.—Messrs. Veitch sent a new *Tropæolum*, apparently an annual, raised from seeds received from the Andes of Cuenca; to the flowers of *Moritzianum* it added the foliage of *Canariense*; a certificate of merit was awarded it.—Mr. Kendall produced a seedling *Cineraria* of great beauty, called the “Newington Beauty.” A singular circumstance belonging to it, and which constitutes one of the principal characteristics of its beauty, is the fact of its never having, under any treatment, produced pollen. It belongs to the tricolour section, the points of the petals being a deep crimson purple, with a centre of the same surrounded by a well-defined belt of white. The absence of the yellow pollen not only improves the appearance of the centre, but from that circumstance the white is preserved pure, rendering the flower clean and attractive. A certificate was awarded it.—The Rev. H. Pole sent a cut specimen, in flower, of *Weigela rosea*, with a view to prove that this hardy plant (one of the best of Mr. Fortune’s Chinese introductions) forces well. The plant was placed in a vinery, “at work,” and, on showing flower, was removed to a conservatory, adapting itself to the most commonplace treatment. Of miscellaneous articles, Messrs. Warner sent a garden-engine, whose novelty consisted in its having attached to the top of the tube a flat, shovel-like plate, moving on a spring, for spreading the water.—Specimens of fabrics made in Madagascar from the *Raphia Palm* tree were exhibited by Admiral Sir W. Gage. One was a mat of some beauty; the other was a striped cloth, which it was mentioned was probably prepared from the fibre of the leaf.—From the Garden were Mr. Fortune’s *Foraythia viridissima*, which has been found to force well, the golden-yellow flowers producing a fine effect, though unaccompanied by leaves.—Seeds of *Berberis Asiatica*, a half evergreen shrub, which has been found very suitable for cottage-garden fences, were distributed.

**INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.**—April 4.—J. Field, Esq., President, in the chair.—The second part of Mr. Jackson's paper 'On the Engineering of the Rhine and the Moselle' was read.

Messrs. F. C. Penrose, R. Hughes, H. Currey, F. P. Smith and S. Wood were elected Associates.

**ROYAL INSTITUTION.**—March 24.—W. R. Hamilton, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—Prof. Daubeny 'On some of the Applications of Chemistry to Geological Research.'—The lecturer first noticed the phenomena of metamorphic action in rocks as requiring the aid of chemistry for their explanation. The formation of mineral veins belongs to this subject, and may be elucidated by two principles that have been pointed out by chemistry: viz. 1. That igneous rocks contain frequently disseminated through them infinitesimal quantities of most of the metals which exist in mineral veins. 2. That the latter are convertible into vapour at a temperature below their freezing point. After stating facts that lend support to both these principles, the lecturer pointed out their bearings upon the aggregation in veins of mineral matter derived from rocks that had been subjected to long-continued heat, and concluded that their occurrence in the neighbourhood of plutonic and volcanic rocks might thus be accounted for. Another effect attributed to metamorphic action is the formation of Dolomites. Here carbonate of magnesia appears to take the place of carbonate of lime without actual fusion having occurred to produce it, since the organic structure of the fossils is often preserved in rocks so altered. Although the cause was different, the effect seemed analogous to that which has happened to certain sponges, &c., in the greensand near Farnham; where, according to a recent discovery, phosphate of lime appears to have taken the place of a portion of the carbonate with which the marine production was at first fossilized. The theory proposed by the lecturer, in short, differed chiefly from that of Von Buch in his supposing the magnesia to have been derived from other parts of the limestone formation, instead of the igneous rock injected. After recommending fresh experiments to be instituted for the purpose of settling at rest the question relating to the possibility of an actual transference of magnesia from place to place, the lecturer proceeded to point out the necessity of chemistry for the elucidation of the phenomena produced by igneous causes at the present day. He alluded to the various chemical phenomena which present themselves during the several phases of volcanic action, all of which ought to be kept in view by those who pretend to give a theory as to its cause. He pointed out the discovery of Mr. Grove, that heat is capable of overpowering the strongest affinities, as corroborative of the chemical theory by showing that if a temperature ever existed which was sufficient to render the most infusible bodies liquid, the elements of matter would probably have been at the time uncombined, so that when any portion of them sunk below that point, the very same chemical action must have commenced which this theory supposes to be going on at present. The absence of lime and magnesia from granite, and the redundancy of silica in it, are also in accordance with this theory; and so, likewise, is the detection by Pella of flames issuing from Vesuvius, as the emission of hydrogen from volcanoes appears thereby substantiated. The lecturer then pointed out some of the final causes of the processes alluded to—as, for example, the offices discharged by the carbonic acid evolved from the earth in decomposing rocks and liberating their fertilizing materials, in the production of new limestone rocks on the surface to compensate for those converted into silicates by volcanic heat in the interior, and in the restoration of the purity of the atmosphere by supplying oxygen through its decomposition by plants. He also alluded to the accumulation in veins of the several metals through metamorphic action, without which, owing to their comparatively minute quantity, they could never have been recognized by man; whilst those bodies which, like phosphates, are essential to organization occur almost universally diffused. The lecturer concluded by entreating his hearers to call in to the elucidation of geological phenomena the assistance of chemistry, as a science which may be regarded as the grammar to the language of Nature—the key to unlock the most hidden of her mysteries.

#### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- MON.** Geographical, half-past 8, P.M.  
**TUES.** Zoological, 9.—Scientific Business.  
 — Institution of Civil Engineers, 8.—'An Account of the Works at the Corbet Leugh Reservoir, being a continuation of the Account of the Bann Reservoirs,' by J. F. Bateman.  
**WED.** Ethnological, 8.—'On the Caucasian Tribes,' by R. G. Latham, M.D.  
 — London Institution, 7.—Mr. Carpmel 'On Gutta Serena and its Applications.'  
 — Literary Fund, 3.  
**THURS.** College of Physicians, 4.—Lecture on Materia Medica.  
 — Antiquaries, 8.  
 — Royal Society of Literature, 4.  
 — Royal, half-past 8.  
**FRI.** Philosophical, 8.  
 — Astronomical, 8.  
 — Royal Institution, half-past 8.—Prof. Faraday 'On the Diamagnetic Condition of Flame and Gases.'  
 — College of Physicians, 4.—Lecture on Materia Medica.  
**SAT.** Asiatic, 2.

#### FINE ARTS

##### SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

THE present Exhibition in the rooms of this Society gives no idea of superiority over its predecessors. It presents the average amount of productions in the several departments; but in none of these is there generally any marked advance, while the individual professors—more especially the leading contributors—can scarcely be said to have represented themselves in average force. That this should be the case among the majority of the members who are landscape draughtsmen is remarkable, inasmuch as their vocation has more to do with the actual scenes of Nature than with poetical imaginings—which are necessarily uncertain in their manifestations. In the figure department that there should be such a falling off is the more to be regretted because it was on the assumption of ability to instruct and advance that the Government so lately gave a charter to this body. Certainly, the labours exhibited here assert no very high qualifications. From among a large amount of mediocrity we will content ourselves with designating those which are entitled to consideration from superiority—and those whose extravagance or untruth suggests them as warnings rather than lessons.

Mr. Pyne's *Pallanza, on the Lago Maggiore, North Italy* (108), brings a strong recollection of his 'Heidelberg' exhibited in these rooms last year. The scene has in its combination many of the same elements—and has withal the advantage of greater space. It is, however, no improvement—and does not realize the character or climate to which it pretends. It has much perspective truth—considered either in reference to line or to the gradation which is produced by mere light and shade; but in colour it has much that is rather fanciful than imaginative—meaning by the fanciful the idea of the singular, and by the imaginative the healthy and highly organized power of perception and selection applied to the localities in whatever latitude they may be. The science, the art—the speciality in art—is seen and admitted; but individual truth is wanting. To look into the mere technique of the work, the town, with all its arcades, its loggie, its church and campanile, and other auxiliaries, is well defined; but when we look for the genial and appropriate atmosphere—the emphasis required to give focal interest, and the power of generalization which at the same time makes up the infinity of parts and individual tints into one whole—we feel that the great landscape artist is not before us. A large deficiency of special truth of nature is felt in *Thames Recollections—The New Custom House* (480); wherein the same scale of colour, the same bias of arrangement, and the same want of individuality are perceptible. The scene is not easily recognized. The recollection of the architectural masses is interfered with by the want of local truth in the colour; while the character of the climate is not rendered. All that opposition of tints could effect is presented in the *Entrance to Menai Straits, Storm clearing off, opposite the setting Sun* (58). In the *Saint's Day at Venice* (245)—which shows a newly-chosen point of view of the Dogana and the Salute, with St. Giorgio Maggiore—there is the old departure from fact,—from national peculiarity; and circumstances even of detail—accessory and tint—have been made to subserve the same defect. *The Mill at Plas Nant, North Wales* (240) is an ordinary scene in a vignette-like treatment. In the *Shore at Little Hampton, Sussex* (359) Mr. Pyne has succeeded better in imparting a general effect of tone to the integral features of the scene,—and the gain is felt. The beams of the declining

sun impinge all the objects within its means of radiation; and, but for a disposition to yellowness without glow, this is one of the artist's best contributions. *Caernarvon—Rising Storm* (295) is grey and cold—to slatiness; wanting also in modelling and in the making out of the forms of cloud proper to such effects. *Little Hampton Pier, Coast of Sussex* (547) can be regarded only as a sketch of one of those strongly contrasted arrangements of colour which, if Nature does sometimes present them among her endless combinations, it is yet a question of taste and discretion whether the painter shall record or no. The casual and exceptional combination of colour is no more a subject for imitation than the casual and exceptional combination of form. An artist of such accomplishment as Mr. Pyne—one whose works of pen and pencil have contributed so much to the common stock of his art—should not thus diverge from the direction in which he gained his popularity.

In last year's exhibition, the name of Mr. C. Baxter was affixed to more than one production of which we made favourable mention—accompanied by an augury of future excellence. This augury the present exhibition has not disappointed. Industry and talent are visibly united in no less than nine performances of his here—more or less consisting of studies, and chiefly of female forms. Some are portraits—as for instance, *Miss Topham* (51). In the *Italian Girl* (69), Mr. Baxter pursues the style which won him credit—and well sustains it, on a theme commonplace enough. That he is capable of greater originality of view, *Kate Kearney* (83) proves:—a head of archness and beauty. *A Study* (221) is good: but *Sad Moments* (238) testifies, like his last year's principal work, that this artist's forte lies in the pathetic. The female head is one which he, or others, will not easily surpass. In (430) *The Wreath*, we have another female head, wearing a chaplet,—deserving like commendation. A small elaboration entitled *The Fan* (361) will well repay attention. *A Nymph* (515) and *Happy Moments* (541) confirm the conviction that being now fairly started—having felt his ground—this artist has only to take a bolder flight—to soar in the prosecution of some subject worthy of his powers—and if he keep refinement of execution closely in view, as there is in him no lack of force or decision, he may early take a high rank in his profession.

Mr. Alfred Clint, though rarely essaying on great dimensions or important matters—confining himself usually to coast or harbour scenery—is a sure hand. The same conscientiousness and taste which have distinguished his former productions are again manifested here. An occasional variety of effect—a good deviation—too, may be seen in his *Sunset—Coast of Yorkshire* (30). Nature, not convention, has obviously filled the painter's mind; and those delicate tints, where the heated and suffused red graduates into the pale blue of the zenith, are most happily achieved. The forms of the coast are simple, yet invested with a depth of shadow and general breadth that give solemnity to the picture. In the *Evening at Hampstead* a moderated effect of a similar kind is applied to landscape, and with equal effect—the subject, however, being of less importance. For a bit of special truth the painter has in *Hampstead Heath* (59) gone beyond himself. Painted on the spot, as he tells us, improvised as the execution may be almost said to be, this picture has the refinements of an elaborated work. In the two bays, *Sandrock, Isle of Wight* (305) and *Bridlington Bay, Yorkshire* (381) Mr. Clint appears in all that verity which he knows so well how to give to the sloping shore, the rugged beach, and the wide horizon.

One of the most ambitious attempts in this exhibition is Count d'Orsay's half-length of *The Saviour*—the first number in the Catalogue, and certainly one of the Count's best works. He has shown a simple and vigorous intention; but his want of education in the subtleties of Art is too apparent.

The decorator's art is represented on these walls in a work of large scale from the pencil of Mr. Fogg—*The Monk finding Edward III. abandoned in his last Moments*. From the zealous and active interference of its author in parliamentary and other inquiries into Art, his forensic displays and assumed knowledge on the subject,—more important results might have been expected. Certainly, these would not have prepared us for the acceptance at his hands of a large canvas seven-eighths of whose space is occupied by



Gothic decoration as shown in mullioned window or tapestried wall—more befitting a member of the Decorative Art Society than a practitioner in the loftiest walk of Art. The group which so triflingly extends itself is wanting in perspicuity; and the whole tone and complexion of the picture scarcely suggests that its author can have been serious in proposing it as a work of importance. As a design for mural decoration it might, on a limited scale, be practicable; but even then, a more agreeable incident for the interior would be desirable.

Mr. Anthony's largest picture, *Landscape and Figures, Village Green* (152)—in scale and subject his most ambitious attempt—will not, it is to be feared, increase a reputation won by more truthful and moderated aspirations. The plan of the composition, as to line and effect, has plausibility; but the work is wanting in all that concerns resemblance to nature, either in the general hue which should justify the quotation "Tis eve," or in individual particulars. When this painter shall have more reflectively measured his strength with Nature, and with the best specimens of Art at this moment produced by a very able class of landscape painters, he will understand, we are assured, how little eccentricity can ensure renown,—and return to those views of truth and universality without which Art is productive only of eccentricities or conceits.

Of the seven contributions by Mr. Holland, the most truthful is that of *The Royal Naval College, Greenwich* (588). Here, while the drawing of the architectural forms is representative of their characters, the hue and aspect of the *locale* are faithful. It is a good transcript of one of the most original architectural conceptions of England. *The Cathedral of Dart on the River Maas* (36) can scarcely be considered a finished work. The buildings want precision—the line of water in the distance wants straightness and fineness—the element itself wants form and sharpness. There is an absence of that completion to which we are accustomed in Mr. Holland's works. In 54 and 368 we have studies of flowers,—the department of Art in which Mr. Holland first started. These are full of the vigour which he imparted to such things when a practitioner in water-colours. Nos. 235 and 286 are *Views of Venice*,—more remarkable for novelty in their selection than for finish; and a *Scene on the River Tagus* (373) was studied, it is presumed, at a time when the artist made his tour in the Peninsula for the annual which early made him known.

Mr. Hurleston always shows powers of high order. That he has knowledge of what is required in his art—that he has read the works of the old masters with attention and is alive to all that constitutes their technique—is obvious. That he should not, however, in the consideration of nature divest himself of the prejudices and convention of a particular school—the accident of time and circumstance—and adopt broad and general views, is difficult to be accounted for in one who displays such high aims.—His journeyings into Spain have evidently impressed him more than those in Italy; and his treatments of Comadini subjects in the latter are after the most recognized fashion and practice of the former as seen in the works of the great Sevillian master, Murillo. The defects which in this master were due to the circumstances of his age—the difficulty of obtaining structural knowledge owing to religious interdiction, and the want of acquaintance with Greek art—are neither worthy of adoption nor to be excused in a day when the diffusion of Art-knowledge is great and universal. That philosophy which Mr. Hurleston shows in other particulars but little accords with views so restricted. *Mendicanti of the Piazza Navona—Rome* (161)—*Un Pescator* (276)—*Meat and Drink in Italy* (455) are among the examples to which the foregoing remarks are intended to apply. The exception is found in the subject entitled *Metzgeria* (244)—proving that the assertion of independence and the free exercise of the painter's own imagination and taste would ensure him higher ground.

On more than one occasion in speaking of the works of John Wilson, sen., reference has been made to individuals whom his example has assuredly influenced; and some of our magnates in marine and landscape painting may date knowledge and direction from this source of teaching. Such influence is more immediately—where more to be

expected—seen in a series of no less than twelve pictures contributed by his son John Wilson. Many of these being scenes of ordinary selection (as, indeed, are the majority of such matters exhibited here) to dwell much on them would be to descend on the commonplace. The principal one, *Fishing-Boats returning to Port, on the French Coast* (438), is full of truth, artistic skill, and observation of fact—given with the ample resources of the studio, yet preserving the simplicity of nature. It is one of the very best marine pictures in this entire collection. Yet it is not more true than that little subject *Fish-Carts on the Sands at Calais, with Fort Rouge* (19):—a treatment combining excellencies that characterize two or three several artists of note, of the day, in this department. Care and knowledge in the delineation of craft and tackle are united with breadth of treatment, general effect, and a large amount of resemblance to the day-light and brilliant look of nature. Mr. Wilson does not confine himself, however, to one element. In the *Salmon-Trap and Old Water-Mill on a Welsh River* (64) is seen his skill in landscape. The same facility with which he can express the momentary effects of wind on water, assists him in the expression of its power on foliage. *The Snowden Range, from near Capel Curig* (148)—perhaps in general hue too green,—presents in style and handling a contrast to a little study of *Cattle at a Pool* (277), wherein the animals are touched with a precision exemplifying the painter's careful study of their forms. This is confirmed by *Boy tending Cattle* (361). The artist's versatility is again seen in the closely-wooded and avenue-like scene, *An Unfrequented Path in Morden Park, Surrey* (390),—vigorously dashed in: and in the *Watering Place* (400). *The Valley Mill* (577) and *On the Coast of Granville, Normandy* (599) are farther proofs of the painter's excellence.

A name long absent from these walls—where first it was made known—appears here this season attached to two contributions. Mr. W. Gill, whose works some years since will be remembered as among the attractions of the Gallery, is the author of the little pictures *Preparing for May-Day* (47) and *Playing at Forfeits* (252). Mr. Gill was ever a zealous student of the Dutch school. His present works satisfactorily demonstrate that if the hand has not been active—or if we have not seen its operations—so long, the mind has been on the alert. His subjects want the charm of novelty; but in much that concerns effect and colour combined with elaboration and finish, these two little pictures have claim to excellence.

**FINE-ART GOSSIP.**—The Sketch-book by Salvatore Rosa, exhibited last Saturday at the Marquis of Northampton's third Soirée for the season—the property of Mr. Auldjo—was more remarkable for the notes on the margins and backs of the several studies than for any intrinsic merits of the sketches themselves. They are chiefly transcripts of the neighbourhoods of Spoleto and Foligno; and deficient in that savage character which is the painter's expressive style. On the tables near this book was an extensive collection of initial letters and other illuminations cut out of choral and service books of the middle ages,—and some examples of similar Venetian Art in ducal and other volumes. Of the initial letters one or two were of as remote a date as the thirteenth century. They have been collected by, and are the property of, Major Macdonald. Among the other objects of Art exhibited was a paper-hanging from Redgrave's trial fresco of "Catherine Douglas barring the door with her arm:"—the fit application of which as a subject for internal decoration seems to us at least questionable. Some specimens of impressions, by a new process, on card-board, in gold and silver leaf, from ancient and modern coins, excited much attention.

The daily papers announce the death of Sir Thomas Baring,—so well known for his taste in Art and for the fine collection of pictures which he had brought about him. He was the elder brother of the Earl of Ashburton,—also a great collector; and the father-in-law of Mr. Labouchere, the President of the Board of Trade,—who has just purchased Stoke Park, in Buckinghamshire, from Mr. Granville Penn, for 62,000*l.*, and is about to erect a gallery for the many choice pictures which he already possesses,

It was said by Sir George Beaumont that taste expires in the third generation. This there is reason to fear is often true; but we trust that the feeling for Art evinced by the wealthy family of the Barings will form a noble exception to the rule. Sir Thomas was in his seventy-fifth year.

A correspondent writes to us as follows:—"The revival of mediæval architecture—than which no other style seems to be just now tolerated for churches and semi-ecclesiastical buildings—has awakened sympathy for mediæval and ecclesiastical Art generally. No wonder, therefore, that glass-painting should of late years have been cultivated with considerable assiduity and success. After being at one time supposed to be entirely lost, the processes requisite for it have been either recovered or re-invented. Its proper character as decoration is now far better understood than when it was attempted to produce pictures with it (as in St. George's Chapel, Windsor), and when the mullions and tracery of windows were actually cut out in order to fill in the whole aperture with a gaudy transparency. That mistake we have since corrected by reverting to genuine models; but have perhaps fallen into another,—though far less glaring—in choosing them too indiscriminately and following them too servilely—copying defects of bad drawing and bad general design—faults sanctified in the eyes of a mere archaeologist, but faults only in those of an artist or of a man of unprejudiced taste. The real capabilities of the art have not been sufficiently consulted; those who have applied themselves to its resting content with striving to come up to what are considered the best specimens, without aiming at aught further. The very desirable 'something further' may, however, now be anticipated, by architects themselves taking up a branch of art that requires to be treated with far more regard to architectural than to pictorial effect. I have just seen some windows executed by Mr. E. B. Lamb, for a small private chapel erected by him in Scotland, that appear to me a great improvement upon the orthodox—that is, the archaeologically orthodox—system of bad drawing and careless composition."

A collection of water-colour drawings and miniatures made by Mr. G. P. Harding from celebrated English historical portraits was sold on Friday the 31st of March by Messrs. Sotheby & Wilkinson. The collection in point of finish and interest was not by any means equal to the series by the same artist sold by Messrs. Christie & Manson a few years back; but still there were some good copies, done with all Mr. Harding's usual care and attention to detail,—that Virtue-like fidelity without which these things are worth so very little. The prices were not large—considering the value of the series and the small chance of finding another artist with the same skill and the same inclination whose collection is likely to pass under the hammer of the auctioneer. A good water-colour copy of every English historical portrait of interest should be made at the expense of Government and deposited in the Print Room of the British Museum. It is easy to conceive the value in many ways of even a coloured copy of Lodge's Portraits.

If the present Exhibition of the modern Arts in the French capital has had its character affected by the revolutionary movement, our own approaching Exhibition will, it is understood, display some effect of the same influences—acting probably in a more wholesome direction. Many artists of distinction—amongst them Ary Scheffer and the celebrated animal painter Le Dreux—have been driven to our shores by the continental tempest, and will seek our alien arena for the display of their art. It is said that the contribution of the French school to the pictures on the walls of the Academy amounts to a large number.

Mr. Catlin—whose exhibitions, at the Egyptian Hall and elsewhere, of his picturesque studies of North American character and scenery are well remembered—is about, it is said, to set up his easel in the metropolis with a view to some more formal and comprehensive embodiments of his views and experiences of such aboriginal life. We hear, too, that his pen-notes of eight years' travel in Europe are about to be given to the press.

The last arrivals from Bombay announce that the ship *Elphinstone* had arrived there, having on board a large collection of the Nimroud Marbles secured



by Mr. Layard for the British Government. They were to be exhibited in Bombay before being despatched for England.

The French papers state that the Minister of Agriculture and Commerce has formed a commission of painters, architects, &c., to propose reforms and improvements, both industrial and artistic, in the national manufactures of the Gobelins, Beauvais, and Sévres.

Now that recent events have added an important page to the history and *memorabilia* of the Hôtel de Ville at Paris, the building itself may begin to obtain that notice to which it is fairly entitled as one of the noblest monuments achieved in the French capital in the reign of Louis Philippe. The *Civil Engineer* has just given some architectural description of it, derived from M. Victor Calliat's large folio work. Though it has not lost its identity—consequently retains all its former historical associations—the original structure can be considered as little more than the nucleus of the present greatly extended and entirely insulated pile,—with four stately façades where there was before only a single one, and that comparatively inconsiderable as to size. Palatial in its exterior, the edifice is equally so internally; especially in the group of principal public apartments and the staircases leading to them—which offer much striking combination and varied scenic display, as well as magnificence of decoration. Very few royal palaces can show such a room as is the *Galerie des Fêtes* in regard to its architectural ensemble as well as to its dimensions. In one respect the Parisian Hôtel de Ville has the advantage over our own Palace of Westminster, since all its façades show themselves distinctly—so that the embellishment bestowed upon them is not thrown away. Moreover, as is observed in the English publication above mentioned, it solves a problem in architectural taste by manifesting what might have been made of our own English Renaissance or Elizabethan style had that been abided by conformably with the announcement to architects that it was to be the one adopted for our Houses of Parliament. This, be it observed, is, provided it had been treated freely and artistically,—and with more regard to its capability of being improved upon than to actual examples of and authorities for it.

### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

**PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.**—The Subscribers and the Public are respectfully informed, that the THIRD CONCERT will take place at the HANOVER-SQUARE ROOMS on MONDAY EVENING, April 10th. Programme.—Sinfonia in A, Haydn; Air, O God, have mercy, Mr. Calkin; Mendelssohn; Concerto in C minor, Piano-forte, Madame Dulcken; Beethoven; Chorus and Overture, 'Struensee,' Meyerbeer; Sinfonia in A, No. 7, Beethoven; Quartet and Chorus, Mendelssohn; Air, 'L'Addio,' Miss Dural; Mozart; Chorus from 'Ruins of Athens,' Beethoven; Overture, 'Der Berggeist,' Spohr. Conductor, Mr. Costa. Single Ticket, 1s. 1d.; Double Ticket, 1s. 10d.; Triple Ticket, 2s. 6d., to be obtained of Messrs. Addison & Co., 210, Regent-street.

**MUSICAL UNION.**—TUESDAY, April 11th, at Half-past Three, WILLIS'S ROOMS.—Quartet in F, Mozart; Duett, Piano and Violoncello, in A, Op. 48, and 'Lieder ohne Worte,' Mendelssohn; Quartet in C minor, Beethoven. Executants—Delfiore, Goffrey Hill, Platt, and Steddale Bennett. Single Tickets, 10s. 6d. each, to be had on application to Gramer & Co., 201, Regent-street. Members can personally introduce Visitors on payment at Willis's Rooms.

**MR. BRANDT** has the honour to announce that he will give a SOIRÉE MUSICALE at WILLIS'S ROOMS, KING-STREET, ST. JAMES'S, on WEDNESDAY, April 19, 1848. Vocalists—Miss Dolby, Mrs. Brandt, Mr. A. Novello and Mr. Brandt. Instrumentalists—Messrs. Benedict, Lindsay Sloper, Wilby, and Rousset. Single Tickets, 10s. 6d. each, and Family Tickets (to admit Three), 1l. 1s. may be had of all the principal Musicians, and of Mr. Brandt, 7, Holland-pale, Kensington.

**MRS. BUTLER** (late Fanny Kemble) begs to announce her intention of giving a THIRD READING, on THURSDAY, April 13th, at WILLIS'S ROOMS, KING-STREET, ST. JAMES'S, on MONDAY, April 10th, 'THE TEMPEST' and a FOURTH READING, (the last before Easter), on THURSDAY, April 13th, 'As You Like It.' Commencing at Half-past Two o'clock. An interval of Ten Minutes during the Reading. It is solicited that Visitors be present previous to the commencement of the Reading. Admission, 5s.; Ticket for Reserved Seats (admitting Three), 1l. 1s.; Single Reserved Seat, 10s., which may be obtained at Mr. Mitchell's Library, 31, Old Broad-street.

**WEIPPERT'S SOIRÉES DANSAUTES, PRINCESS'S CONCERT ROOMS.**—Last Five Nights.—MONDAY, April 10, and Four following Mondays, being the Close of the Season and Termination of the present subscriptions. Single Tickets 7s. each. WeipPERT's Palace Band as usual, conducted by himself. M.C., Mr. Corrie. The Refreshments and Supper by Mr. Payne, of Drury Lane and Covent Garden Theatres. Commence at Eleven, conclude at Three. Tickets and Programmes at 31, Soho-square.

**ANCIENT CONCERTS.**—The second of these meetings was directed by Lord Howe for the King of Hanover. Like most of the series, it was ample in the materials for giving pleasure, but Lenten in the amount of enjoyment resulting for any intelligent amateur. We shall comment upon some single

items in the *programme*. And first in our favour was the singing of Signor Salvi: who is more accomplished and polished in the management of his voice than any contemporary tenor. It was strange, however, that Handel's 'Rendi sereno,' instead of being given as 'Lord, remember David,' must needs be refitted with *Latin* words! Mr. Lockey's opening of 'The Messiah' was very good: but he will sing out of time,—and we have suffered too much in our nonage from the weary warblings in sacred music of Miss Stephens, Mrs. Knyvett and others to endure without protest the appearance of a new generation of vocalists offending in like manner under pretext of "tradition." Nothing, again, could be more irrational than Miss Bassano's delivery of 'Holy! holy!' which she might have sung as she did had she been a foreigner to whom the language and the music were new,—her sole aim being, apparently, to produce the utmost tone on every note. Not an *appoggiatura*, not a shake, not a closing grace was to be heard: in short, a greater mistake by so clever a person is not in our recollection. We shall only further dwell upon the recitative and air from Dr. Crotch's 'Palestine' to the following words—

*Recitative.*  
Yet e'en the works of toiling Genii fall,  
And vain was Estakhar's enchanted wall.

*Air (with Semi-Chorus).*

In frantic converse with the mournful wind,  
There oft the houseless Santon rests reclined;  
Strange shapes he views, and drinks with wondrous ears  
The voices of the dead, and songs of other years.

These lines, picturesque though they be when taken as a specimen of the text of a work much talked of and rarely performed, will of themselves account for its unpopularity. The most thoughtful of composers must have felt himself "cabin'd" by "Estakhar's enchanted wall," and even "the houseless Santon's" visions say little to Imagination when Sound is to be the medium of utterance. But Dr. Crotch seems to have felt small difficulty in the matter. The *aria* is a smooth *Siciliana*, with one or two minor changes at its close to do justice to "the dead"—but as innocent of the loneliness of "the Desert" as Félicien David's 'Dance of Almées' is of the devotion of a cathedral. An instance of more utter aimlessness, in short, could hardly be cited; and who can wonder at or blame the world's coldness to a work thus misconceived? So seldom is any part of 'Palestine' heard,—and so long have we been accustomed to hear its neglect bewailed, that we feel glad of any opportunity of inquiring into its merits and into the causes of English indifference to them.

**CONCERTS OF CHAMBER MUSIC.**—The second meeting of the *Beethoven Quartett Society* was very attractive. The early Quartett in D was delightful—were it only for the sake of the *presto finale*. This is one of the finest examples of a rapid movement in *§ tempo* which could be mentioned,—more pleasing in its *motivo* than the parallel instance which may possibly have occurred to the student (we allude to the *presto* of the Kreutzer Duett), and wrought up with incomparable grace and spirit. After this came the Razoumoufsky Quartett in F; the *allegro* of which, again, may be cited as perhaps the noblest existing specimen of Beethoven's best manner. This movement, the *adagio* of the second Quartett of the same *opus*, and the brilliant fugal *finale* which closes the third, were before us when, a fortnight since [*ante*, p. 322], we offered a comment or two on the limits to imaginative composition. Freer, newer, more exciting music does not exist; but what grandeur is there in the ideas!—what loveliness in the melodic phrases!—what consummate art in the construction! The *allegro* just mentioned "pairs off" with that of the Pianoforte Trio in B flat,—but, to our judgment, it is even finer. Nor was Beethoven ever more sublimely and sadly inspired than in the *adagio molto mesto*. The *allegretto scherzando* is a favourite movement with the *cognoscenti*: to ourselves it has long been curious as containing one of the few instances of coincidence which exist in Beethoven's works—a phrase all but identical with the melody 'Objet de mon amour' in Gluck's 'Orphée.' But we must pass from what is merely a "curiosity of criticism" to commend Herr Molique's leading of this Quartett. A better version could hardly be given by any German, (unless it be by Herr Ernst, who shows the intensity of the South in such music without any sickness or

extravagance); while for perfection of reading it distances all the attempts of Vieuxtemps, Sivori, &c. They translate Beethoven, whereas Herr Molique gives to the Master's thoughts audible and adequate expression. It is a great boon to the Londoner (and one enjoyed by the inhabitant of no other capital in such perfection) to be allowed these opportunities of comparison in music, where such fine distinctions make so important a difference.

While this treat was being "served" in Harley Street, Mr. Dando was giving his *Fifth Concert* in Crosby Hall. We observe, with pleasure, that in *programme* comprehended one of Beethoven's *Trios* for stringed instruments—that in C minor. A Duett by Miss Kate Loder, too, for pianoforte and violin, was played; of which our contemporaries speak highly. There is great want of new concertpieces in this form—the Kreutzer Duett above-mentioned being the last which can fairly be said to keep possession of the orchestra. It was one of Mendelssohn's many plans to write a grand composition for the two instruments; and now that he is gone, to whom may we look for such a work?

**ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.**—The corps of the Italian Opera is now assembled, with the exception of Mdlle. Zoia and Madame Viardot-Garcia: and the artists are appearing in their favourite parts in as rapid rotation as possible, that unfamiliar operas (we must not say new ones, there being, apparently, no such things) may be produced. Thus, 'Semiramide' was given on Tuesday for Madame Grisi and Signor Tamburini: and on Thursday, 'Il Barbiere' for Signors Salvi, Rovere, and Ronconi. There would seem not a word left to be said of this opera; and yet Signor Ronconi's *Figaro* is finer and sprightlier (could such a thing be) than it was last year,—while, if Madame Persiani will study her parts anew, and offer such unprecedented examples of the singer's art carried to exquisite perfection as she has done in *Amenaide* and *Rosine*, we should be the most unfair of critics not to record it. Both artists mentioned, too, were in their best voice the evening before last. The opera in its youngest days was never more buoyantly successful.

### DRAMATIC READINGS BY MRS. BUTLER.

On Monday last, Shakespeare's comedy of 'The Merchant of Venice' was read by Mrs. Butler at Willis's Rooms. The result was highly, and with slight qualifications deservedly, successful. That critical estimate of character and passion which distinguishes Mrs. Butler's acting, and which to some extent abstracts from its reality, proved of excellent service in the more subjective interpretation required by dramatic reading. The reflective consciousness which will not allow the actress to forget her mind in her character became an admirable quality in the dramatic expositor:—so distinct is the elucidation of feelings from the capacity for their embodiment.

The feature of the reading was, undoubtedly, suggestive conception of the part of Shylock. With Mrs. Butler, the wrongs which he suffers are more obvious than those which he inflicts. His very revenge is justified to himself. He stands before us as a representative of the Mosaic economy in its most literal significance. "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" is the creed not only of his passions, but of his conscience. To this law, however disclaimed, he traces the motives and acts of the Christian,—and revells no less from his hypocrisy than from his oppression. Adopting this view, Mrs. Butler gave all the emphasis of argument to those passages which are usually rendered as taunts. The Duke's interrogatory—

What mercy canst thou hope for, rendering none?—was answered by the reader with a settled conviction in the moral cogency of the reply—

What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?  
You have among you many a purchased slave, &c.  
Throughout, indeed, the reader portrayed a man who made a duty as well as a "medicine" of his "great revenge"—who personified the sufferings of his nation, and in the person of Antonio executed retribution on Christendom. To enhance the dignity of such a conception it was scarcely necessary for Mrs. Butler to glide as she did over the avarice of the Jew. By subduing this she lost points of contrast in the character certainly intended by Shakespeare, and tamed down the poetic colouring which the poet had imparted,

The characters of Antonio and Bassanio were conveyed with great delicacy and truth. No trait was lost which marked the devotion of their friendship or its source in their own personal nobility. Nerissa, that charming reflex of Portia's vivacity and feeling, was, however, almost degraded to the level of the saucy waiting-maid—and, to say truth, the manners of the mistress seemed a little infected by those of her associate. In both instances, the liveliness sometimes degenerated into coarseness. The more ideal aspects of Portia were exquisitely delineated: but we missed those poetic indications which such a nature exhibits in its most familiar moods, and by which amidst the most trifling casualities it pledges its adequacy to the most serious duties. The defect was a grave one; though for the time we forgot it in the spiritual dignity and tenderness which later in the play Mrs. Butler developed in its heroine.

A second reading was given on Thursday.—Much *Aid about Nothing* being selected for the purpose. Beatrice, with all her heartiness and reality, ranks amongst the least ideal of Shakespeare's feminine conceptions. Unlike Portia, Imogen, and Viola, she is a delineation rather of a particular woman than of a phase of woman in the abstract. Hence, the character affords small scope for that fine discrimination of the poetical, whether in sentiment or motive, which is the charm of Mrs. Butler's delivery. Such opportunities as occurred were, however, turned to the best account. We may instance the allusion of Beatrice after learning in the arbour that she is beloved by Benedick. A tremulous gladness was infused into the passage, which, while leaving it comely, indicated a crisis, and suggested that "the course of true love" even when it runs smoothest into the common stream of life yet agitates it by the conflux. The tone of delicate respect imparted to Benedick by the influence of his passion was another of those felicitous touches which mark the ideal artist. The play, as a whole, was rendered with great executive brilliancy, and with a variety of information almost pictorial in its vividness of effect. We must not omit to notice with especial approval the genial humour thrown into the reading of Dogberry. The presence of such an element, though amply warranted by the text, is too often substituted by a stolid pomposity which renders the character simply mechanical. We are glad to find that two more readings—of *'The Tempest'* and of *'As You Like It'*—are announced for next week; and that other plays will probably be added to the series.

**MARYLEDONE.**—On Monday another revival from Beaumont and Fletcher was produced—the tragedy of *'The Double Marriage.'* This is a more ambitious venture than even that of *'The Scornful Lady.'* The drama in question has been much commended by the critics. Mr. Campbell describes its heroine as "a fine idol of the imagination, rather than a probable type of nature." The authors themselves propose her as "the matchless wife." The late Mr. George Darley, however, disputes the proposition. In his opinion, *Juliana's* "self-sacrifice approaches yet nearer to idiotism, and her humble-mindedness to meanness, than those qualities of Beaumont and Fletcher's idols do generally." To a considerable extent we admit the truth of this criticism; and indeed we seek refuge from the implied censure in the general character of our authors' play-writing, as being more theatrical than dramatic—aiming rather at effect than at propriety—regarding the picturesque before the probable. These qualities of theirs have all been tested by this revival, and found of good wearable service.

The play is calculated, from its revolutionary character, to make an impression at the present moment. *Ferrand* (Mr. Lacy), "the libidinous tyrant of Naples," is accused of having exceeded in the abuse of the royal power the examples of Phalaris, Dionysius, Caligula, and Nero—inasmuch as they acted, though corruptly, yet as kings,—he as a mere merchant. His crowning enormity is—

That he sold  
The bishoprick of Tarent to a Jew,  
For thirteen thousand ducats.

The action proceeds with great rapidity. *Violet* (Mr. Graham) consents with some friends the tyrant's downfall is betrayed by *Romere* (Mr. Potter) concealed by his wife (Mrs. Warner), who in conse-

quence suffers the pains of the rack—liberated and appointed to a maritime expedition—all in one act. In the second, the hero is captured by the proscribed *Duke of Sesse* (Mr. Johnstone)—brought on board his vessel—delivered over to the cruel mercies of his virago daughter, *Martia* (Miss Vining)—contracts with her a second marriage—escapes with her in the long-boat—and is pursued by her piratic father. The third sees all the parties at Naples—exhibits the parasitism of the court—the humours of one *Castruccio* (Mr. Vining), who is permitted to assume for a day the robes and office of the kingship which he so worships—the painful interview between *Violet*, *Juliana*, and *Martia*—the divorce between the two former—the indignation of the last when told that her marriage must continue ceremonial only—and the disguises of the pirates and their chief in order to compass their revenge on tyrant, daughter, husband, sycophant, at once. Nor are the fourth and fifth acts less full of business. The Duke and his crew finally engage themselves to *Ferrand* as Swiss guards—*Martia* visits *Juliana* to insult her, threatening vengeance against *Violet* for her own disappointment—*Juliana* seeks her late lord to warn him of his danger—their interview is broken in upon by *Martia*, who scornfully gives him "back his love, his vow," and proceeds with *Romere* to sell her honour to the king that he may undertake her cause. But vengeance is nigh in the form of a social revolution, headed by the *Duke* and *Violet*. The latter has, however, unfortunately, assumed *Romere's* habit, the better to secure access to the king, whom he desires to slay. Meanwhile, *Juliana* has armed herself with a dagger to kill *Romere*, and meeting her husband in his garb inflicts the mortal wound on him. The popular commotion grows fiercer, and the tyrant is slain by the *Duke of Sesse*. Then comes the terrible interview between the incensed Duke and his disgraced daughter; to which the boatswain puts an end by stabbing the latter,—thus excusing the act:—

I never did you better service, sir,—  
Yet have been ever faithful. I confess  
That she deserved to die; but by whose hand?  
Not by a father's. Double all her guilt,  
It could not make you innocent, had you done it;  
In me 'tis murder; in you 'twere a crime  
Heaven could not pardon. Witness that I love you!  
And in that love I did it.

This is a good theatrical surprise, and closes the piece triumphantly. The last situation, indeed, presents a remarkable *tableau*.

Mr. Serle, who has adapted the tragedy for the modern stage, has judiciously consolidated the latter scenes, and produced thereby a stage arrangement which is very fine. Mrs. Warner's *Juliana* is a powerful and well-sustained achievement,—and decidedly calculated to enhance her reputation. Personal dignity, wife-like affection, self-sacrificing humility, were by turns embodied in her acting,—which was carefully and highly finished. The scene in which she endures the question and contents the tyrant was most effectively performed. The situation was one of great difficulty—and interpreted with answerable skill. To *Juliana's* physical pains succeed her moral sufferings;—and these excited, as they ought, in Mrs. Warner's presentment even more sympathy. Miss Vining is not equal to the part of *Martia*—nor is it a pleasing one to realize. She laboured hard, however, to deserve, though she could not command, success. Mr. Graham's reading of *Violet* was good; but he sermonizes—not acts. Mr. Johnstone's *Duke* was rather too violent,—and Mr. Lacy's *Ferrand* somewhat over-anxious. Miss Saunders had a small part—*Lucio*, a page; and played it, as she does everything, delightfully. Mr. Vining's *Castruccio* was a piece of extravagance, productive of the mirth intended, but in some points out of keeping. A severer and more classical conception is required. There is in the play the sketch of a court fool, played by Mr. Webb, as a companion to the parasite. Compared with the meanest of Shakespeare's fools, it is an absurd failure. But on the whole this revival must be pronounced a satisfactory performance. With it, we believe, Mrs. Warner takes her farewell of the Marylebone Theatre;—and she will do so with honour. It is a crowning effort; and though experience has proved that the attempt at creating an audience in the neighbourhood of this house is at present hopeless, Mrs. Warner's reputation has not been at all affected

by her failure. Her efforts, in spite of ill success have made an impression which will not speedily be forgotten,—and have established a *prestige* in her favour which she carries with her to her endeavours elsewhere. The Surrey Theatre will, we understand, open next September under her direction.

**HAYMARKET.**—An adaptation from the French, by Mr. Morton, under the title of *'Old Honesty'* was produced on Thursday. It is in two enormously long acts. Much of it is mere dialogue; each pair of interlocutors being exhibited a stated time—and after having delivered themselves of so many "lengths" yielding place to their successors. This seems an easy recipe for a two act piece on a domestic subject;—but it has been well tried, and is generally successful. Actors like it, because it gives an equal chance to each; and managers patronize it, because it enables them to make "a strong bill." Opportunity is thus afforded in the present drama for Mr. Webster (*Michael Bradshaw*), Mr. Tilbury (*Mr. Septimus Hooke*), Mr. Keeley (*Toby Perch*), Mrs. Glover (*Dame Bradshaw*) and Miss Reynolds (*Mary*) to shine in succession; to say nothing of Mr. H. Vandenhoff (*Joseph Bradshaw*), and Mr. Howe (*Sir Perkins Besborough*) who likewise are fairly furnished. The story must be familiar to most readers. A bricklayer finding a treasure in the wall of a house which he was employed to repair—this is the old and common theme. Such an argument, however, would be too simple if left to stand on its own merits. The dramatist must complicate it with incidents, situations, and moral intricacies. Thus, we have in the present drama Sir Perkins Besborough, the nephew of the former proprietor of the house who had buried the treasure and died ere he could fully reveal its hiding-place. Sir Perkins is pursued by duns and overwhelmed with debt; but, in expectation of some day finding the concealed fortune, will not sell the house to Hooke, the attorney,—who rents it in the same hope. Michael Bradshaw is the bricklayer, who has to pull down a wall, with the same view,—a man who has acquired the sobriquet of "Old Honesty." Mary is his daughter, who is courted by Toby Perch another bricklayer, and also a devoted student, whether in work or play hours, of the History of England. Sir Perkins, too, has obtained a glimpse of Mary—and pursues her with no honourable purpose. The first act ends with "Old Honesty" finding the treasure; which, yielding to temptation, he conceals in his basket and carries away. He is partly provoked to this by the conduct of lawyer Hooke, who has caused his niece to reject his son Joseph for disparity of station and fortune. In the second act, the poor tempted Michael suffers intense remorse, and would restore the treasure to its place had not lawyer Hooke in the meantime purchased the house; wherefore Michael at length determines to retain the property for its rightful owner, the nephew. But Sir Perkins has forfeited his esteem by his designs upon his daughter. The conflict, however, is concluded by the appearance of the young man, who makes atonement for his profligacy by resigning all claim, in favour of the daughter—to whom he offers his hand. She declines the honour in favour of Toby Perch. We have omitted to state in our outline, that Dame Bradshaw's suspicions are excited by her husband's mysterious conduct; and that finding the money, she abstracts a few guineas and purchases therewith a turkey, a bonnet, a shawl and a fine gown—the latter of which, however, she proceeds to tear from her person when she discovers that the money itself was not, as she supposed, her husband's savings.—It is needless to add that such a piece by such performers would be well performed; Mr. Webster and Mr. Keeley, however, deserve to be signalized as remarkably effective. The latter had evidently his part specially written up to his peculiarities,—and provoked immoderate laughter. The style of the dialogue, though occasionally witty, was never brilliant; but it was natural in its tones—and some temporary allusions told well. The drama was throughout successful:—yet it requires abridgment.

**MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.**—We are happy to inform those who are anxious about the disappearance of the Shakespeare House discovered by the French, that the body of amateurs who have



already signaled themselves by performing for worthy literary and charitable objects are about to make four "disappearances" of the same character—with a view, we suppose, to conjure it back again. To lay aside banter, we believe that two performances of comedy, 'Every Man in his Humour' and 'The Merry Wives of Windsor,' will be shortly given in London—one in Birmingham, and one at Stratford-upon-Avon—for the benefit of the fund.

A prospectus has been laid before us of 'The Royal German and British Musical Society,' patronized by a long list of royalties and placed, we are informed, under the "managing directorship" of Mr. Wessel, the well-known publisher. The object stated is "the diffusion of classical music" and the "advancement of the art." The present time has been selected as expressly suitable; in consequence of "International Copyright Acts having passed between Great Britain and Prussia, Hanover, Saxony, Brunswick, Saxe-Coburg, Saxe-Weimar and Austria—which will be speedily followed, under the sanction of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, by similar arrangements with all the other States of Germany." It is proposed to carry these good purposes into effect by a system of publication analogous to that adopted by our literary societies: the subscription to be 5*l.* per annum for one class,—in place of the modest guinea demanded by the Camden, the Percy, the Chetham and other bodies.—There can be no objection to any publisher entering upon such a speculation as this. We have, indeed, again and again pointed out that some change must ere long come over the world of musical publication, and that it would not unnaturally take this form. But we see not how the names of a few distinguished persons as subscribers to such a publisher's speculation can be thought to constitute a "society,"—nor where exists the guarantee that the selection of the music, &c. &c. shall be in any way open to their supervision. Further, we are obliged to remark that the published list of compositions about to be issued is liable to grave objection. For instance, Class A is one of the most pianoforte duets. Now, every one of the seven enumerated is an arrangement!—Beethoven's two first duets for pianoforte and violoncello leading the way. However cleverly these may be arranged by Mr. Lindsay Sloper (and the one in *G* minor before us is very skillfully treated), such arrangements are not "classical" nor do they tend to the "advancement of the art." There is excuse for compressing orchestral works or chamber concert music for stringed instruments in a like form,—since by such presentment the student becomes familiarized with the ideas of compositions that he can hear only occasionally: but, after so pompous a preamble as Mr. Wessel's, and seeing that his "Society" wisely contemplates the publication of scores for reference, we think its professions would be best kept by the publication of legitimate pianoforte music for the pianoforte player &c. &c.—the art being only advanced by respect for the original intentions of its great masters.

It is sufficient to announce that Mr. Tully's opera company at the *Strand Theatre* has been this week giving what can only by stretch of courtesy be called a version of Auber's 'Haydée.' Such a mode of presentment, however sufficient twenty years since, will no longer satisfy a public increasingly desirous of integrity of performance. The music of Auber, too, bears it singularly ill.

We are sorry to record the recent death of Mr. George Distin, one of the well-known players on brass instruments,—as the first inroad made into a party which, in every sense, always seemed to us most pleasant in its harmony.

Among the most recent arrivals from Paris, that of M. Hermann, a violinist of good repute as a player of classical music, must be mentioned: Mr. Osborne, too, has come. But the amateurs and professors of the pianoforte will hear with still greater interest that M. Chopin is expected, if not already here,—it is even added, to remain in England. As the most individual composer for his instrument now writing (at whatever figure his individuality may be rated), as a player, too, less hackneyed before the public than any contemporary—M. Chopin's visit is an event for which we heartily thank the French Republic.

The first Opera Concert is to be given on Monday in Passion Week. It appears from the programme that the intention of imparting to it any historical

interest has been entirely relinquished.—We observe that M. Prudent is to play at the concert to be given on Easter Tuesday at the Royal Italian Opera. There is life everywhere. The programme of the Cecilian Society for the coming quarter includes an 'Ode to Music' by Russell. Would it not be worth while for some body of English chorists to try whether any charm could be found in the oratorio of Dr. Boyce? This old music is too much judged on hearsay.—Mr. Surman's new Choral Society is about to commence operations by a concert for the benefit of the distressed artisans.—We may here state that a performance in assistance of the English workmen expelled from France is announced by the French equestrians at Drury Lane.

The Edinburgh papers speak in the highest terms of the sensation produced there by the acting of Mr. and Mrs. Kean in 'The Wife's Secret.'

The bill of the first entertainment provided by M. Ledru Rollin at the *Théâtre de la République* for the gratuitous delectation of "the people" of Paris will at some future day be a curiosity. The performances were to begin with 'Le Chant du Départ,'—followed by a one-act *pièce d'occasion* of which Madame Duvalant is the author. The title is 'Le Roi attend;' and the cast merely includes MM. Samson, Ligier, Maubant, Maillard, Geffroy, Provost, Regnier, Delaunay, Mirecourt, Leroux, Raphael, Mesdames Rachel, Brohan, Anais, Denain, Judith, Solié, Bonval, Allan—in brief, the flower of the corps. After this, the audience were to be treated to 'Les Horaces' of Corneille; "the high Roman fashion" of which seems, curiously enough, as acceptable now-a-days as it was when the *Citizens* of the first Revolution invoked the manes of Brutus at every third word. Lastly, M. Roger (who seems to be, in more ways than one, aspiring to the succession of M. Nourrit) was to sing 'La Jeune République.'—The members of 'The Orpheon,' founded by M. Wilhelm, have been giving a second performance in the *Cirque des Champs Elysées*; this time having among the audience M. Béranger, to whose intervention it was that the founder owed the countenance of Government.—The professors of the *Conservatoire* are announcing gratuitous classes of singing to be opened in the evenings for the teaching of children and adults.—Meanwhile, one theatrical manager after another seems throwing up his "portfolio."

A note or two on American theatricals, &c. derived from native journals,—are worth the gathering. "The Park Theatre" at New York seems trying the expedient of reduced prices. "The Bowery" has been giving Mr. Lovell's 'Love's Sacrifice,' with Mrs. Shaw for its heroine—"a jam house" was expected for her benefit. Kemp, the clown, at "The Bowery Amphitheatre," has as much "fun in him as ever, and he lets it out with a rush every evening." Rubini (this is truly droll) has not arrived at Havana, as promised by the Opera management there. "Ernani" is spoken of as having been very popular in New York,—and the leading singers have been complimented by the subscribers with "purses," in the old direct fashion of rewarding the *Sallés* and *Camargos* of the ballet stage. One of the less aristocratic subscribers, however, is described in the paper from which we glean the above particulars to have found one of the *troupe*, a certain Signor Benedetti, "too clumsy by a jugfull!" The *tableau-manié* appears to have become a disease, calling for sanitary measures on the part of the police.

#### MISCELLANEA

*Paris Academy of Sciences, March 27.*—M. Chevreul gave an account of the results of a comparative examination of the properties of some cochineal obtained in 1845 from the central nursery-grounds at Algiers and some cochineal from Mexico. M. Chevreul found that the colouring matter of the cochineal of Algiers was less powerful than that of the Mexican cochineal; but he is of opinion that the colonial specimens may by proper culture be greatly ameliorated.—A report was made by a committee on the process of scarification employed by M. Robert to check the ravages in trees caused by certain insects.—M. Moreau presented an account, taken from official documents, of the agricultural wealth of the whole of France. The total in agricultural, vegetable, and animal produce amounts on an average to the enormous sum of 7,502,904,450*fr.*—M. J. Jamin read a paper on

the reflection of light by transparent bodies.—A paper was received from M. de Gemmy on the preservation of wood by impregnating it with coal or vegetable tar. He recommends that before the impregnation the wood shall be perfectly dried by means of hot air or otherwise.

*Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress.'*—In the *Athenæum* for March 11, you have an article on the 'Pilgrim's Progress,'—in the course of which you state, on the authority of Mr. Offer, that the "second part," on the authority of "Nathaniel Ponder, at the Peacock in the Poultry, near the Church," by the special appointment of "good old John," as appears at the back of the title-page, in the following words:—

"I appoint Mr. Nathaniel Ponder,

But no other to print this Book.

January 1, 1684.

The book contains an engraving,—the subject of which is the destruction of Doubting Castle. If the above information is of any value, as tending to correct an error which I presume appears in the henceforth "standard edition of the celebrated 'Dream,'" it is quite at your service.

I am, &c.

Westerham, April 4.

*Trade v. Terrorism.*—The point of our anecdote under this head last week was lost in consequence of an omission to state the particular trade of the party put on his defence. We repeat the anecdote, therefore,—with the correction. A hatter at Toulouse, accused of democracy in a very savage form, has replied by the following convincing logic, addressed to the *Emancipation* of that town:—"Citizen Editor,—Malevolence has attributed to me language which I have not used. It is false that I have demanded 800 heads. There exists no branch of trade or manufactures which has more need of heads than mine."

*Mutilated Editions of Books.*—The exposure of the tricks of publishers which appeared lately in the *Athenæum* holds me to draw your attention to a trick of another kind. I lately purchased a cheap copy of 'Tom Jones,' published in 1847 by William Tegg & Co., London. Neither the title-page nor preface gave any intimation that the work was not complete; but assuredly no sparing use has been made of the scissors. The omissions are not intended to present an expurgated edition to the fastidious taste of the age;—such sensitiveness is even censured in the preface.

With regard to the plot of 'Tom Jones,' which is developed with such artistic skill, it is evident that the omission of several incidents must materially impair its coherence. This mutilated copy contains allusions, and sometimes express references, to circumstances which are left to the reader's sagacity to discover. Any one may easily satisfy himself of the fact of the omissions by merely turning to the beginnings of the chapters. In this changing "founding" he will look for the introductions in vain:—and, among other examples, I may mention Partridge's criticism upon the London actors—his adventures in London—those of Squire Western on his way to London—and Jones's plot to outwit Lady Bellaston. But if one wilful omission is proved, is this not another mode of obtaining money under false pretences?—I am, &c.

HARRY WAIN, (of Caius College, Cambridge)

Thenford, near Banbury, April 3.

*The Well-known Well at Antwerp,* placed in the open space opposite the Cathedral, as seen in Hollar's engraving, has been perfectly repaired, and the missing parts restored, agreeably to the original design. The base on which this singular iron canopy now stands is a new construction, square in form, and of stone; the upper part is pierced with quatrefoils, and harmonises perfectly with the trefoiled arches of the iron-work, which unite at the apex, and are surmounted, as all antiquaries know, with a small statue of the Thundering Jupiter. It is a monument of undoubted antiquity, and a beautiful example of the handicraft in metal which distinguished the mediæval era.—*Art-Union Journal.*

In the new Florentine edition of 'Vasari' the following note is appended to the life of Michelangelo. "Nel passato secolo fu aperta la sepoltura di Michelangelo, e vi fu trovato il cadavere ancora intatto. Era vestito con lucco di velluto verde e colle piane, ad una delle quali erasi staccato il suolo con tanta forza, nell'accettarsi per l'ardita, che fu trovato lungi più di due braccia." "In the by-gone century the sepulchre of Michelangelo was opened; and in it we found the body still uninjured. It was dressed in a robe of green velvet, and slippers; from one of these the sole had separated with such force (owing to its being up through the dryness) that it was found at the distance of more than two cubits." In the German translation now in course of publication, which copies these notes with some few additions, the last clause is rendered,—"dass sie über zwei Ellen lang geworden war";—that is "had become more than two ells long!"

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—J. W. B.—T. T.—Delta.—J. B.—H. H.—Aetos.—H. W.—J. B. D.—received.

*Erratum.*—In the advertisement of 'Claudia and Pudens,' page 324, the price is stated to be 12*s.* 6*d.*;—it should have been 2*s.* 6*d.*





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